New Statesman

The Week-end Review

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Which Sort of Crisis?

DESPITE the dust of the autumn manoeuvres on the Turkish-Syrian frontier and despite the polemics flung at one another by Mr Gromyko and Mr Cabot Lodge in New York, we continue to doubt whether the sense of emergency which the diplomatists have succeeded in generating in the last two weeks is a very real one. It is probably true that the Americans (with or without the active support of the Turkish government) are backing in Ankara a 'free Syrian' shadow-Cabinet. It is certain that, diplomatically, Soviet influence in Syria is growing stronger and stronger. It seems obvious that, under the shadow of *Sputnik* and on the eve of the Turkish election, Mr Krushchev saw tactical advantages in making an issue of the threatened—and we believe entirely imaginary—Turkish invasion. Hence the panic selling on Wall Street and the London Stock Exchange and Mr Macmillan's breathless dash to Washington.

The danger of all this is not so much the danger of war: neither world power wants that at present and both struck their belligerent attitudes rather too quickly to carry conviction. It is the danger that once again western statesmen will be lured into overlooking the realities of the world situation. It is too easy for all of us to accept the misleading assumption that what is going on in the Middle East is a para-military struggle for 'the western position'—a chimerical objective which is seldom defined. If this were so, it would be a struggle that we should in the long run be sure to lose. We failed to come to terms with Arab nationalism in the early days after the war and decided instead to attempt the rebuilding of our pre-war imperial positions. The ill-starred attempt to base a military policy against the Soviet Union on the dynastic divisions of the Arab states had the inevitable consequence of letting Russian influence, on a considerable scale, into the Middle East for the first time. Once that happened, it became certain that sooner or later the western powers would have to abandon their military positions—unless they were mad enough to risk a world war in a despairing last effort to hold on to them.

Whether we like it or not, the real issue in the Middle East today is not whether we can maintain our positions of special privilege, but how cheaply we can cut our losses. Can we in fact buy Arab oil and Arab friendship as paying customers at the market rate? The Middle East is one of the battle fronts of the cold war; and the western battle-plan must be predicated on economic rather than military strength. Ever since the Marshall Plan, the uncommitted—and in most cases under-developed—nations, whose allegiance is the main prize of cold war, have swallowed many of the follies of British and American diplomacy because of the basic assumption that the US was rich enough to pay for Mr Dulles's blunders, that the American economy could somehow underwrite the industrialisation of non-Communist Asia. At the same time our own welfare state has been founded on a comparable assumption—that the US economy could level out the cycle of boom and slump which, even on a small scale, could shatter the social and economic fabric of western Europe.

Is this still true? Last week-end Mr Gaitskell gave a serious warning that some sort of American recession may be in sight. We have lived through these scares before. Twice at least since the war, what seemed to be an imminent slump turned out to be merely 'a rolling readjustment'. This time, however, the coincidence of a setback in the US, a crisis of both investment and commodity prices among the primary producers, and the industrial consequences of inflation in western Europe, gives cause for more serious disquiet.

If Mr Gaitskell is right, the consequences could be far-reaching. The Prime Minister and the President meet together in Washington with their Middle East advisers and their teams of atom experts. They may discuss in general terms the 'economic problems of the free world', but their expert attention seems focussed on the wrong sort of crisis. Priority should be given to the stagnation of the British and the American economies, and to the growing crisis in the under-developed countries. Otherwise we may soon find that Soviet technical achievement is a secondary political factor in the world beside the contradictions of western capitalism.

Comments on the Week's News

A Honeymoon in Cyprus

The appointment of Sir Hugh Foot to the governorship of Cyprus is to be warmly welcomed: he will carry with him from Jamaica the reputation of a most able, intelligent and progressive colonial governor. To that must be added previous experience (in good times) of the problems of Cyprus. It is important that general satisfaction at his appointment should not obscure the real issues that divide Britain and Cyprus, for the gulf has become too wide to be bridged by any one man's personal charm or good intentions. In brief, peace in Cyprus will depend on (a) the unequivocal acceptance by Britain of the principle of self-determination with due safeguards for minorities; and (b) the recognition that the *de facto* leaders of the Greek Cypriot population are the people with whom negotiations must take place. The alternative is to extend the sterility of the Harding regime – and it should not be assumed that this negative policy automatically carries with it an extension of the present truce. New episodes of violence in the last two weeks already suggest that failure by Britain to convert the breathing space of the last six months into a political initiative has thrown away a golden opportunity. Indeed, it is possible that renewed terrorism might have been more widespread by now if the Labour Party's endorsement at Brighton of self-determination had not given the Cypriots a new incentive to await a change of government. Sir Hugh Foot will surely be accorded a honeymoon period: it is to be hoped that he can persuade Whitehall to turn it to account.

Union Elections

A dispute within the Electrical Trades Union has drawn attention to one of the more obscure features of the trade union movement – the election of officials. In this case, it is rumoured, the Communist fraction within the ETU is endeavouring to upset the election of an ex-Communist to the union's executive by alleging a technical infringement by one branch. This is not the first time that the dominant Communist group in the union has used a strict interpretation of the rules to its advantage, nor the first occasion that allegations of irregularity have been flung about by both Communists and anti-Communists in their struggle for influence in the ETU, the Fire Brigades Union and the AEU. One of the problems here is the great complexity of electoral procedure within the trade unions, and the different practices which obtain from one union to another. Some conduct postal ballots, others vote at branch meetings; some supervise the elections themselves, others employ outside specialists in ballot procedure. Unless there is a fierce battle going on for control, the elections may be conducted in a fairly informal fashion, with all the participants accepting a rough-and-ready interpretation of the rules; and it is only when there is a 'needle' fight that issues of interpretation normally arise. This is a matter that in the first instance is the private business of the union themselves and they are jealous of any interference: some have rules which invalidate elections in which there has been 'outside interference' and preclude appeals to the courts. But there is a danger – as the experience of the ETU has shown – that a minority, having won control at the top, may manipulate the formal machinery in a way that makes it almost impossible to throw out a dominant clique.

The London Busmen

The issue of wage differentials has been raised again sharply by the decision of the T & GWU to ask immediately for an increase of 25s. a week in the pay of London busmen, for the provincial busmen recently secured an advance of 11s., partly to reduce the differential in favour of London. The T & G leaders tried to induce the Londoners, instead of putting forward an immediate claim, to discuss with the provincials in the hope of arriving at a common policy; but London men insist on putting forward an immediate demand. Somewhat reluctantly the T & G Executive allowed them to go forward with their claim independently of the provincials; the provincial busmen will now almost certainly insist on a further claim to prevent the differential from widening once more. The case for some differential (London living costs are higher) is not in dispute, but the provincials claim that even the existing differentials, which in the case of drivers on the maximum rates are about 18s. 6d. a week, are too high, while the Londoners seem determined to restore them at least to the old levels. It would have been difficult for Mr Cousins or his executive to stand out against the Londoners' determination not to lose the advantages they have gained in earlier bargaining. The London Transport Executive, with the backing of the BTC, may reject the new claim outright; in that case, it may well lead to the first test of the government's new wages stand-still.

No Inquiry

The mystery of a Bank-rate leak has now become a matter of party prestige. No doubt the opposition will renew their demand when parliament reassembles for a judicial inquiry, and it is possible that, within the privilege of parliament, Mr Wilson may divulge rather more of his information than has been possible during the recess. Nevertheless, it would be surprising if the government now gave way. To deplore Mr Macmillan's decision, which is incomprehensible as well as lamentable, is not to call in question the integrity of the Lord Chancellor, who conducted the private inquiry, or even to assert that the allegation of leakage is well based. The trouble is that, however judicial the Lord Chancellor, there can be no certainty in this matter without full discovery of the accounts and records of the Stock Exchange companies who were involved in after-hours dealings on the Wednesday evening concerned: there can be no such discovery except to a formally constituted tribunal. As things are, neither the public – nor, presumably the government – will ever know who exactly was responsible for these dealings, or whether whoever it was had any link with possible sources of information. The result of Mr Macmillan's offhand dismissal of the allegations is that some cloud of suspicion – perhaps totally unjust – must attach to all ministers and officials who had foreknowledge of the decision, as well as to a handful of journalists and newspaper directors who were in a position to receive private information – if, indeed, any was passed.

NEXT WEEK

Britain and the Nuclear Bomb
A Declaration by J. B. PRIESTLEY

The Gentle Art of Lying
MALCOLM MUGGERIDGE

Mid-Autumn Books
Reviewers include R. H. S. CROSSMAN, WILLIAM EMPSON, BENEDICT NICOLSON, MICHAEL REDGRAVE and JOHN RAYMOND

Failure in Kenya

Following his failure to secure agreement or understanding in Uganda, Mr Lennox-Boyd has been equally unsuccessful in Kenya, where he has been unable to break the deadlock between African and European politicians. For the past six months the former have been demanding an increase in their representation from eight to 23 members. In July the latter agreed to an increase of African members up to twelve, but insisted that this must be conditional on the Africans consenting to rejoin the government, accepting safeguards for the white minority and agreeing to a constitutional standstill for a period. The Africans demand that before negotiating on the latter points their increased membership must be unconditionally accepted. It would be churlish to blame Lennox-Boyd for these difficulties. The fact is that the Europeans made their big mistake at the time the Lyttelton constitution was devised, when they refused to accept any form of common roll. As a consequence communal elections have continued, and once the Africans began to elect their members, the political initiative inevitably passed to them.

Delinquency and the Bulge

Outside the world of education you do not find much preparation going on, or even much anxiety to prepare, for the coming effect of the post-war 'birth-rate bulge'. In a very few years from now, this is going to put an extra 250,000 young people on to the labour market and (if national service should still be with us) add about half that number to the armed forces. The Lord Chancellor pointed out last week at the annual meeting of the Magistrates' Association that we must expect juvenile delinquency to go up too. This was a prescient piece of insurance; for the figures certainly will go up, their proportionate status will be widely ignored and the blame will once more descend upon the leniency of magistrates, the laxity of parents, the broken home (i.e., the one with a father missing, provided he is missing for an immoral reason, not because he is a sailor or dead), and the abolition of the birch. There is already just visible a peak of public agitation, for which Lord Kilmuir has now done a little to prepare at least the magistrates. We need to be on our guard against the tendency that could make it a period in which the family home, the youth club, the school and the playing field come to be simply institutions for the prevention of juvenile delinquency.

News from Our Own Correspondents

New York

A Queen in New York

Whatever success they may be having in the Commonwealth, Lord Altrincham, John Osborne, and Malcolm Muggeridge seem to have made no dent at all in the American enthusiasm for other people's royalty, especially British. The genuinely warm reception to Queen Elizabeth and Prince Philip might easily be minimised as a tribute to their attractive personalities, but in the circumstances of the hour it casts just the glow of good will needed to light the stage for the coming talks between President Eisenhower and Prime Minister Macmillan. What with Cyprus and Suez, that glow, needless to say, had been less than blinding.

While the Queen's visit would in any case have helped 'strengthen Anglo-American ties', as the diplomats untiringly put it, there can be no doubt that Her Majesty has been immeasurably helped by *Sputnik*. Thanks to the Russian satellite, this country seems more convinced than in a long time that she needs her allies as much as they need her. We seem to love them, as it were, not just for the charm of their physical locations but for the technical and scientific skill they can bring to the joint defence of the west.

In the wave of self-criticism just now beginning to roll over the US, the major theme is that, while the Russians bring the concentrated strength of a unified, directed science task force to bear on their objectives, the west has squandered time, money, and effort in isolated forays. Far from having effected a pooling of resources among the Nato countries, the Eisenhower 'team' has been lucky when it got its own army, navy, and air force to work together.

It now seems probable that a lowering of the barriers to the exchange of scientific information, for which both Foreign Secretary Selwyn Lloyd and Defence Minister Duncan Sandys have been pressing, will be the first concrete response to the Soviet invasion of outer space. Referring to these same barriers, Secretary of State Dulles blandly admitted at his last press conference that they had been raised 'back in '48 or '49, at a time when it was believed we had a monopoly of knowledge with respect to atomic weapons', a point of view which he conceded 'has become somewhat obsolete'.

The President's remarks at the White House dinner in honour of the Queen were even more to the point. 'Our scientists must work together,' he said. 'Nato should not be thought of merely as a military alliance. Nato is a way of grouping ability – of our manhood, our resources, of our industries and our factories.' This line of comment, it may be said emphatically, was not adopted on the spur of the moment or merely as an exercise in banquet rhetoric. It followed closely on the President's conference with the country's leading scientists and is taken to mean that a major purpose of the Eisenhower-Macmillan talks is a return to something like the wartime scientific co-operation that produced radar, proximity fuses, and other quick wonder-drugs.

Except in the field of atomic weapons such a move would require leadership rather than legislation. Since it is hard to keep the atom out of most developments, however, it is not impossible that some attempt will even be made to get Congress to modify the secrecy provisions of the Atomic Energy Act. Here again *Sputnik* should prove helpful. It was fatuous enough, no doubt, to have imagined even back in the Forties that Russian science depended on what it could steal from the west, but the all too visible signs of Soviet technical prowess today leave little room for such smug fantasy. In spite of Krushchev's clumsy efforts to woo the United States toward some cosy bilateral arrangement of the world, *Sputnik* has served to make Nato more attractive and enhanced the possibilities of allied co-operation. Secrecy doesn't seem to mean much with somebody else's moon looking over your shoulder.

ROBERT BENDINER

Bonn

Adenauer and Tito

A Correspondent writes: The Federal government's decision to break off diplomatic relations with Yugoslavia because of the latter's recognition of the German Democratic Republic came as a surprise. Most people recalled Foreign Minister Heinrich von Brentano's contingent threat that this would happen, but they were rather inclined to think that the occasion would not arise.

This decision was the outcome of a battle of national prestige and of the determination here in Bonn (supported by the western powers) that not only will the Federal Government not recognise the Pankow regime but also as far as lies in Dr Adenauer's power, no other state shall do so. Yugoslavia's recognition clearly shows that neither American nor West German influence can supersede Russian in Belgrade when the point at issue is the 'unity' of the Communist bloc, especially when a special show of unity is required for the October Revolution's 40th anniversary.

The Federal government's prestige demanded that relations had to be broken off. But it is doubtful whether the results of the break will be to prevent other states following Yugoslavia's example. It may delay action in some cases, but nothing more. And the argument heard here that every time a new state recognises Pankow, German reunification is made all the harder seems to suggest that that event is indeed very far off. This is little encouragement to Germans in Berlin and the East. They see the Russian idea of a reunited Germany on the basis of negotiations between the two German states gaining ground in the outside world, and the western powers unable to react effectively against it. Nowadays, it is obvious even to those who want to believe otherwise that the USSR is going to agree only to a reunited Germany which is a *Staatenbund*, or loose confederation, in which both parts of the country will participate. The old argument of Dulles and Adenauer, about negotiating from strength, now seems to apply far more to the Russian than the western side.

This break with Yugoslavia is a strange beginning for a new period of Federal foreign policy which, it was hoped, would mean closer co-operation between West Germany and East and South-east Europe. Before the 15 September elections, much was heard about opening negotiations with Poland. It would indeed be amazing if the future German road to Belgrade was through Warsaw, especially since Poland itself recognised the East German Republic long ago. If the USSR is sufficiently powerful to compel Yugoslavia to take this recent action, then Poland will also not be allowed to come to any arrangements with West Germany which are not in keeping with Moscow's long-term aims. The action taken in Bonn on 19 October, therefore, appears to be a strange start to what was intended to be a more active East European policy in co-operation with the other Western democracies.

The Chancellor, for the first time since his Moscow visit in 1955, must now realise the necessity for evolving a foreign policy, especially on reunification, which is supported by the whole of the new Bundestag. At the moment this is far from being the case; and there seems little prospect of any joint policy which will accept the facts of the world situation today; the most unpleasing of these facts is that reunification is low down on the list of priorities.

Istanbul

Turkey Votes

A Correspondent writes: Turkey goes to the polls this week-end to fight an election over the broad issues of national housekeeping and personal freedom. The Democratic party regime of Premier Adnan Menderes is held answerable by the three opposition parties for runaway inflation caused by maladministration of the country's economy, and is further accused of being a rubber-stamp government, utterly servile to the dictatorship of Menderes in return for the profits of corruption. The opposition demands economic reform, the restoration of constitutional liberties, an effective guarantee of an independent judiciary, and revision of the electoral laws to give the people truly proportional representation. Despite the atmosphere of 'crisis' which the outside world has conjured up, there are no foreign policy issues. No matter what the outcome of the election, Turkey stands committed to the west against the east; but, if the Menderes regime is set back, there will probably be a slow and gradual shift towards co-existence with the Soviet Union. The reason for it would not be pro-Communism, but a realisation among the young Turks who are leading the fight against Menderes that Turkey can neither create nor afford to maintain a war establishment proportionately strong enough, even assuming no end to American aid, to safeguard Turkish territory in the event of a world war.

The Democratic Party was formed in 1947 and came to power in 1950 in the first election contested by a second party since the founding of the Republic in 1922. Its victory was applauded as

evidence that Turkey's transition from an autocratic religious monarchy to a western-type democracy was steady and sure. The inauguration of the new regime roughly coincided with the outbreak of the Korean War, to which Turkey quickly contributed a brigade. Washington was pleased, and this opened the way to greater American aid, vast sums to be spent as Menderes pleased. All authority in Turkey now rests in him. The chief opposition party is the Republican People's Party, founded by Atatürk and led by former President Ismet Inönü. It had been continuously in power until it was turned out by the Democrats in 1950. The second opposition group is the right-wing National Party, reconstituted in 1954 from conservative elements then seeking to restore the Islamic monarchy which fell a victim of World War I. The third is the Freedom Party, formed in 1955 by 19 dissident Democratic members of the Grand National Assembly, who broke with the Menderes regime over its dictatorial methods and its repression of all criticism of economic policies.

When the government decided to take advantage of a good harvest and a full-bellied peasantry, to call an early autumn election instead of waiting for the life of parliament to run out in the spring, when larders may be bare, the three opposition parties met in Istanbul to form an 'election front'. The plan was for all three parties to back a single candidate in each of the constituencies. But the government defeated this scheme in the last hours before dissolution of the Assembly on 11 September by ramming through a law which requires separate election lists. Despite the handicaps, which include the government's refusal to give opposition candidates time-for-time on the state radio, the collective opposition is hopeful of at least gaining in the new elections a minority sufficiently strong to be 'effectively obstructive'. There is an outside chance that it may do far better. This hope rests in the unpredictable peasant who constitutes about 80 per cent. of the electorate. The former now has more ready cash than he has ever had in his life; but the cost of living has gone up for everybody. The peasant vote unseated the RPP in 1950 because the Democrats came up with a fresh programme that seemed dynamic at a time when the country felt in need of a change of housekeepers. This time the peasant vote may possibly unseat the Democrats because of a shortage of nails and horseshoes; because the price of hay this year is eight to 12 times what it was in 1950; because tractors cannot function without the replacement parts the government is unable to get without foreign exchange.

Damascus

The Capitalist Satellite

A Correspondent writes: Ever since Syria refused to accept Point Four aid, on the ground that it might thereby lay itself open to political penetration by the US, the Americans have regarded it as practically lost behind the Iron Curtain. The mixture of rage and panic, therefore, which greeted Syria's acceptance of a Soviet loan and the leftward changes in the Army high command, had surprised all sections of Syria's population, even before current atmosphere of war-crisis. What has happened is only an extension of a trend that was there before. The confusion of thought which dubs everyone a 'leftist' in the Middle East who is more of a radical than King Saud, whether he is a Communist or a feudal Muslim leader opposed to the Eisenhower Doctrine, does not help in understanding the Syrian situation. For reasons of foreign policy Syria is pro-Soviet. Its internal economy is not in the least Socialist; in fact it is stridently capitalist. It is true that Syria is the only Arab state in which the Communist Party is not banned, but its membership is almost certainly less than 5,000 out of a total population of four million. New elections would not bring more than two Communist deputies into the Chamber of Deputies. The party contains only one outstanding figure, Khalid Bakdash, who is head of the Syrian and Lebanese Communist Parties. He freely admits the truth that the Syrian Communist Party has no influence at present on Syria's policy and prefers to work by gradual methods. It is reported that some of his meetings are attended by sheikhs who turn towards the east and perform their prayers if the sun sets while the meeting is still in progress.

A much more important party in Syria is the Baath Socialist Party of which the Foreign Minister, Salah Bifar, is a member. It is frequently accused of being Communist, but its driving force is pan-Arab nationalism. Although it has increasing support from the industrial workers of Aleppo and Damascus, it is based on the *fellahin* of the Homs and Hama area. These are peasants for whom much less has been done than in Egypt and for whom much more should be done because of Syria's greater possibilities of expansion. The Baath Party's leaders have no doctrine or dialectic and have so far introduced no social or land reform. They talk vaguely of nationalisation and class equality but as yet they have no detailed plans of how to introduce them. They are strongly nationalist, emotional, and impulsive and their energies are absorbed by politics. Only when Syria gains self-confidence will they be able to think rationally and achieve some real reforms.

The change in the Syrian army's high command seemed to cause even more concern in the west than the trade agreement with Russia. What happened in fact was that certain senior officers with right-wing, and probably pro-US, sympathies were replaced by others, usually younger men, who are known to incline towards the Baathists. The post of Chief of Staff went to Afif al-Bizri, a young man who smiles as often as President Eisenhower grins. The enemies of Syria have hastened to say that he is a Communist; but he himself denies it, and the only evidence that has so far been produced is that he was a Communist when he was a student in Paris. Another vital appointment was that of a talented young officer, Colonel al-Nafuri, as army operations chief, while Colonel Saraj, who has been pictured as Syria's youthful *éminence grise* waiting for the right opportunity to turn Syria into a Soviet satellite, has remained as head of the Deuxième Bureau. However, it was an American diplomat in Damascus who was quoted in *Life* as saying that Sarraj was not a Communist but an incorruptible nationalist whose only weakness was for women 'and there's nothing wrong in that'.

Centres of Power

Did the vote on *Industry and Society* at Brighton close the debate on public ownership? Did it mean, as some have since said dolefully and others with pleasure, that Labour has at last shed its 'fundamentalist' beliefs and that the party is now 'new-fashioned' enough to accept 'people's capitalism'? I think not, because this debate springs from the crucial dilemma of social-democracy: how does a party with Socialist objectives live with and, sometimes, govern a predominantly capitalist society? Labour has had to face that dilemma ever since Ramsay MacDonald formed his first government, and each of its programmes has been an attempt to resolve it. *Industry and Society* is merely the latest of these attempts, not the last word.

The more I reflect upon both the document and the hurried, misdirected debate which took place between its publication and the vote at Brighton, the more I am convinced that the argument will go on. For one thing, the critics of *Industry and Society* were confused and divided. The 'nationalisers' distrusted both its intention and its detail: they wanted something like the 1945 programme. Those who argued that the document was right in principle, but needed teeth put into its conclusions, were trapped by their over-hasty agreement with its analysis, and could only urge that the next Labour government should buy out, rather than buy into, the large firms which dominate our economy. For another, there will be continuing pressure from parts of the trade union movement. The TUC has already declared that this document is 'an adjunct' to 'the general programme of public ownership to which the Congress is committed', and, at Blackpool this year, a resolution instructing the General Council to hurry on its detailed plans for a number of industries was carried unanimously. Finally, the whole argument of *Industry and Society* is based upon the assumption that British capitalism is working reasonably well and that it will go on working well. If this assumption is wrong, then the policy based on it will be irrelevant.

On this assumption—and this is the crux of the 'new thinking'—nothing more is needed than social reforms to adjust the balance of the system, some public ownership to rescue the inefficient industries, and a share in the profits of the giant firms which are 'serving the nation well'. So long as the mixed economy seems able to ensure relative stability and long-term expansion, the onus of proof is put on those who wish to transform it into a Socialist economy. If it does not work, however, Labour would very quickly have to revert to the criteria for public ownership laid down in the TUC's 1944 statement, *Post-War Reconstruction*, its 1953 interim report, and Labour's 1950 policy document, *Labour and the New Society*, which proposed to take over any industry 'on which the economic life and welfare of the community depend . . . [and which] cannot be safely left in the hands of groups of owners not answerable to the community'.

This is a line of criticism which must wait the test of experience. But there are others, strangely neglected in the pre-conference discussion, which are raised by the *The Insiders*.* This pamphlet is important because it directly challenges *Industry and Society* on matters of fact as well as opinion. It does not deny that a few hundred large corporations dominate the British economy. But, it says, the Labour Party document has concentrated so much on the 'functionless' shareholder that it has misunderstood the real pattern of ownership and control of corporate wealth, that it has failed to assess the role and the interests of the managerial élite, and that it has lost sight of the true centres of power and the social implications of the 'new capitalism'. The result, it concludes, is a formula for marrying the state to

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monopoly enterprise, not for raising up an industrial democracy.

The Insiders is documented in great detail to suggest that ownership is not divorced from control. While shareholding has become widely dispersed, and while some of these firms have become so big that the small shareholder is powerless, this only means that a minority of shareholders, holding a minority of shares, can dictate policy. (Some corporations in the US, indeed, are run by groups which own no more that 10 per cent. of the capital: the remainder is held either in packets of ten to a thousand shares, or by pension and other investment funds whose trustees do not on principle use their voting power.) The same trend is true of this country. Moreover, through interlocked shareholding and interlocked directorates, the big financial and industrial institutions are linked together: at the centre of our economy is a small group of 'insiders' who, behind the complex patterns of incorporated ownership, wield a close and continuous control on behalf of property.

If this is an accurate picture, then it seriously weakens the argument in *Industry and Society* that the managers form an 'independent and impersonal' hierarchy, who put the efficiency and expansion of their firms before the interests of the shareholders. For 'independence' assumes that the managers do not share the outlook of the property owners, that they are not responsible to any powerful group of owners, and that dividends are the only form of wealth in which the owners are interested. The authors of *The Insiders* make a strong case against those three assumptions. The managers have a great deal of administrative discretion, it is true. But, through ties of status, income, 'perks', social origin and training, and even property ownership, they are linked to the oligarchy of corporate wealth. If they run counter to its long-term interests, or, on occasion, to its short-term instructions, they soon learn that ownership is not so far divorced from control as *Industry and Society* assures us and them. It is, moreover, a fallacy to rest the argument that managers are 'independent' on their relative disinterest in distributed profits. Dividends are only a part of the corporate objective, and the effective owners and the managers have been able to bear dividend limitation because they share in the capital appreciation and the current emoluments that come from growth.

This analysis leads *The Insiders* to three conclusions. First, if the state buys into these firms it merely becomes a partner in the corporate system: it will not eliminate 'the competitive struggle for gain' because it will be participating in it. (In the special case of firms operating in colonial territories, the profits in which the state will share are often made by methods which run counter to the Labour Party's colonial policy.) Secondly, nothing will be done to break the present owner-manager pattern—it is exactly this pattern which is 'serving the nation well' according to the party document: but in this case, it will be impossible to make 'the exercise of economic power responsible and accountable to the nation', because economic power will remain where it is now and where, as Arnold Rogow and Peter Shore showed in their book on the Attlee government, it rested between 1945 and 1950. Finally, it wholly commits a Labour government—whatever system of controls it devises, and whatever social reforms it seeks to promote and finance by taxation—to the same definition of 'national interest' as that held by the industrial-financial oligarchy.

The last of these conclusions is, perhaps, the most important. For once it can be shown that the direction in which the 'new capitalism' seeks to expand is different from that implicit in Labour's social objectives, it becomes a choice between changing the 'new capitalism' or abandoning the objectives—and we are back again at the old dilemma. And it can be argued that this difference has become much more marked in the months during which *Industry and Society* was being drafted. To leave the present owner-management relation substantially untouched means accepting its decisions about investment and pricing, its increasing control over the market, its stimulation of profitable rather than socially useful demand, its wage policies and its built-in structure of privilege. The more difficult our economic position becomes, the less likely is it that the national and the corporate interest will run even as closely together as they did in the years immediately after the war: the more Labour tries to curb privilege, ensure equality, solve the problems of production, investment, housing, education and social security, the wider the divergence.

What, then, is the alternative? I do not wish to offer a 'shopping list' here, or argue the relative merits of public ownership by industry-wide nationalisation or by purchase of the dominating firms. The short point is that the case for public ownership of certain key sectors of the economy is much more in the national interest than the case for managerial monopoly that is accepted in *Industry and Society*. And those key sectors, apart from the steel industry, are the centres of corporate investment, the building trades, the land, substantial parts of the engineering, aircraft and chemical industries, and the large firms in the distributive trades. This is where power resides, and where the decisions crucial both to our economic progress and our social structure have to be made. But if there is to be a progressive extension of public ownership in these fields, it cannot be done successfully by making state enterprise a copy of the giant corporations: we have to work out a pattern of industrial democracy which makes both power, and the managerial élite which exercises it, accountable to the community.

It is the failure of Socialists to do this which accounts, in part, for the reluctance of the Labour Party to face all the difficulties that a genuine transfer of power will involve. But unless it is done, we have to resign ourselves to a system of 'people's capitalism' in which organised labour will set its sights no higher than a little more welfare and a little more 'social' control. It would be a tragedy if we let ourselves drift into the corporate paradise because we lacked the intellectual effort or the moral courage to state the alternative clearly—or to work for its success.

NORMAN MACKENZIE

The October Revolution

THE Soviet Union has marked the 40th anniversary of the October Revolution by sending the first artificial satellite to circle round Earth. The 'Soviet man' has thus been the first to reach out into the interplanetary space; and now he is dreaming aloud of the time, which he believes to be very near, when he himself may be able to ascend high enough to overcome the earth's gravitation, and soar in a cosmic vehicle towards the moon and the stars.

The Soviet people undoubtedly see a profound and real connection between the latest triumphs of their technology and the revolution which took place in Petrograd 40 years ago. Forty (and even 25) years ago Russia was industrially one of Europe's most backward nations. 'Dubinushka', the famous folksong, which grimly contrasted the 'clever Englishman who invented machine after machine' and the Russian *muzhik* who, sighing and groaning, wielded only 'the wooden club', was something like Russia's genuine national anthem. The October Revolution was, in one of its aspects, a protest against inherited poverty and an archaic way of life. Bolshevism instilled in the people the aspiration to 'catch up with the advanced West and to surpass it'. Now the Muscovites, as they watch the passage of the man-made satellite, read in it the message of fulfilment.

The October Revolution, it might be said, defied in its own way history's 'law of gravitation'. Its enemies at first saw it as a grotesque and ephemeral episode. But even Marxists thought it impossible that Russia, barely emerged from feudalism, destitute and illiterate, should shake off capitalism before any other country had done so and act as pioneer of Socialism. Generations of Socialists, western and Russian, had grown up in the belief that the industrialised and advanced nations of western Europe would be the first to accomplish this, and that Russia could only follow in their footsteps. Lenin himself had shared this belief until shortly before the revolution, and had regarded it as one of the laws and axioms of Marxism. When he finally abandoned it and took power, he still looked forward to revolution in western Europe to help to raise Russia from her poverty and backwardness. He used to say that 'Socialism is already a material reality in our days, but its two halves are torn asunder: one half, the political conditions for it, has been created in Russia, while the other, the industrial and cultural prerequisites, exists in Germany.

To the end of his days Lenin expected that the victory of Communism in Germany would bring the 'two halves' together. When this hope was dashed, the Bolshevik Party set out, under Stalin, to create 'the German half of Socialism' within Russia's own boundaries and by Russia's own efforts. This again seemed a hopeless undertaking, in the light of statistical comparisons and economic axioms. There followed the sombre, heroic, and cruel drive of industrialisation, in the course of which the Soviet people, oppressed by Stalin's despotism, found themselves politically and morally as far from Socialism as ever. Indeed, much of the 'Russian half' of Socialism, the rough plebeian democracy of the early Leninist years, had been destroyed or debased, even though social ownership of the means of production had been firmly consolidated. Around 1940, the Soviet Union was winning the race with Germany in heavy and armament industries. Then the Second World War inflicted the prodigious losses which threatened to throw it a long, long way back; and in the aftermath of the war came chaos and famine.

However, the Soviet Union resumed the industrial drive. The western power, against which it now had to match its strength was no longer Germany but the United States. The 'two halves' of Socialism were still 'torn asunder'—the industrial half was in America. To build up that 'half' within the Soviet Union has ever since been the overriding purpose of Soviet policy.

These 40 years of Soviet history are made of the most dynamic interplay of backwardness and progress. In more than one field, extreme and desperate backwardness has driven the USSR to adopt the most desperate and extreme forms of progress. Capitalism could not achieve stability in the old Russia because of the nation's obsolete and

irrational social structure. The October Revolution smashed that structure and gave Russia a tremendous impulse which carried her beyond all the stages of bourgeois development that European society had to traverse towards publicly owned and planned economy.

Handicapped industrially and militarily by the illiteracy of its masses, the Soviet Union was then driven to develop what is to-day the world's most extensive and modern educational system. Consequently, Soviet universities train at present more technicians and engineers than do all the universities of the west taken together, and the young Soviet factory worker or miner is, as a rule, a man with secondary education. It is arguable that the Russians are already the most educated of all nations. The paradox is that their educational system was built up together with the medieval Stalinist inquisition, with police rule and concentration camps. This paradox shows itself in the psychological formation of the Soviet people: in some ways they are the most inarticulate and the meekest of all peoples; yet in others they are the most ambitious, the most aspiring, and the most independent-minded. At times the modern Russian appears to be an unexampled combination of slave and Promethean hero.

The latest Soviet feats underline the pattern of contrasts even more sharply. The Russians are the first to revolt effectively against man's earth-boundedness and to spread out into outer space; yet in their mass they dwell in slums so overcrowded that the living-space of an individual is no more than seven or eight square yards. Constriction within the tiny cage of daily existence and the lure of infinite space and freedom seem to be the two equally real elements of Russian life. Further, the nation whose scientists and engineers have opened for mankind the way to the moon and are already thinking in terms of astronautics still suffers from the want of ordinary means of transport: Russian passenger trains are too few, too primitive, and too slow; motor traffic is negligible; and country roads, muddy or ice-bound, are impassable throughout a great part of the year.

Here too, however, backwardness may provide the Soviet Union with the strongest motive and also with the widest opportunities for progress. The cities of the west are labouring under the conflict between their inherited architecture and their constantly expanding traffic, a conflict which seems insoluble and tends to reduce the traffic to an absurdity. The Russians may be able to avoid this predicament. They are driven by their very plight to adopt the most modern ideas of city planning and to develop ultra-modern forms of transport. They may yet replace the *droshka* by the helicopter rather than by the ordinary motor car, and the train by the transport plane.

The Russians are, of course, not the first nation that has managed in its striving for progress to turn backwardness into a decisive advantage. The Germans did the same in the second half of the last century, when from being one of Europe's economically underdeveloped nations they rose to the rank of its leading industrial power. As a latecomer to the industrial world, Germany had no need to go through all the phases of development which the British and the French had passed gradually, slowly, over the lifetime of many generations. Assimilating the latest, ready-made, achievements of British technology and organisation, making their start from this high level, and being free from the ballast of obsolescent equipment and methods of work, the Germans presently excelled the British in efficiency and modernity of organisation. In Asia, Japan repeated the same experience even more rapidly but far less thoroughly and extensively. Finally, the United States found in its backwardness *vis-à-vis* Europe a blessing in disguise – its very backwardness enabled it to take over all the best of the Old World, and to secure technological supremacy. It is striking that the remarkable progress of these nations from industrial backwardness to maturity was in every case preceded and prepared by political or social revolutions (the war of Independence and the Civil War in the US, Bismarck's 'revolution from above' in Germany, and the Meiji revolution in Japan). None of these, however, had the depth, the force, the blood-soaked momentum, and the continuously widening scope of the Russian revolution.

The USSR is now just beginning to benefit from the advantages of the late-comer, advantages which may enable it to gain eventually the same sort of industrial ascendancy over the United States that the United States has had over Europe. To be sure, this latecomer has still a long and uphill road to climb. In most sectors of its economy the USSR is at present far behind the US. In some it is even behind western Europe. But in a few, strategically decisive, sectors it is already outstripping the United States. The discrepancy between the backward and the advanced parts is still enormous. But it should not be imagined that it can be overcome only by slow degrees. With atomic energy being harnessed to production, with automation embracing ever wider areas of industry, with electronics opening up new vistas, and, last but not least, with the machinery of planning being overhauled so as to allow more scope for the producers' social initiative, further Soviet progress, if it is not impeded by war or grave disturbances in domestic politics, may be much quicker than western, or even Soviet, opinion anticipates.

Technologically the USSR has hitherto served an apprenticeship with the US, imitating and assimilating American achievements. It will still go on imitating and assimilating; but the appearance of the Russian *sputnik* over our planet heralds the approaching end of the apprenticeship. Soviet progress is now likely to proceed by leaps and bounds, and this new level of technology and industrial wealth is bound to affect both the political climate of the Soviet Union itself and the prospects of international Communism – both of which have in these 40 years been decisively affected by Russian backwardness.

Classical Marxism had based its case for Socialism on the argument that, *vis-à-vis* capitalism, Socialism would represent superior economic efficiency and therefore a higher form of social organisation. The Bolshevik leaders accepted this as an axiom. Yet, the regime they founded could not claim such merits. True enough, its economic efficiency was, in any case, superior to that of Tsarist Russia, and this enabled Bolshevism to survive against all odds; but survival was only part of the test to which the regime which issued from the October Revolution was subjected. The other and the more difficult part lay in the relations between the Soviet Union and the industrial west. The decisive question has been: how does Soviet efficiency compare with that of the west?

This question has been of crucial importance for the whole evolution of Communism both within the Soviet Union and without. The October Revolution had survived, but its claims and title-deeds were in doubt, to say the least. The Bolshevik Party responded to this predicament differently in different periods. Its history in these 40 years falls into three chapters, each characterised by a different type of response: the Leninist period, with its active revolutionary internationalism; the early and middle parts of the Stalin era, with their ideological isolationism; and, lastly, the close of the Stalin era and the post-Stalin years, with the sporadic break down of that isolationism.

The Leninist attitude towards Russia's inferiority *vis-à-vis* the west was wholly dictated by the Marxist tradition. Lenin himself never wavered in the view that the congenial ground for Socialism was in the 'highly advanced and civilised' west; and in international revolution he saw Russia's escape from her own backwardness. True, Lenin and Trotsky had even before Stalin called upon Russia to 'catch up with the west'. But they did not expect an isolated Russia to be able to raise herself by her own efforts to the height of western technology and industrial organisation. They based their policies in the main on the anticipation of a 'German October', a 'French October', and even an 'English October'. They brought to life the Communist International to direct and co-ordinate the struggle in various countries; but they imagined the process of international revolution as a series of national revolutions, each developing of its own accord and by its own momentum, as the Russian revolution had developed. They were convinced that, with the spread of Communism, Russia's weight in the whole movement would be greatly reduced and that, even if China or India, of whose revolutionary potentialities they were fully aware, were to join Russia, the movement of all these nations towards Socialism would still require the industrial and cultural leadership of a Communist west.

This scheme of things foundered on the failure of Communism in Europe which had become manifest in the early 1920s. 'The Comintern will not carry out a single revolution even in 90 years' was the conclusion Stalin drew at a session of the Politburo. The Soviet Union was isolated and thrown back on its own resources. The new Stalinist response to the predicament consisted in the determination to overcome Soviet inferiority at any cost and by the Soviet Union's own efforts—with all that this implied in coercion and myth-making, in low standards of living and human misery. The Stalinist isolationism was, in fact, a desperate striving to avoid and postpone that decisive test of efficiency to which contact with the outside world would have subjected the Soviet Union—a test at which the Soviet Union would have inevitably failed. The Soviet inferiority, which the Iron Curtain succeeded in concealing from the Soviet masses—though not from the outside world—contributed to the further paralysis of Communism in the west. German and British, not to speak of American, workers, could not be attracted by a Socialism which represented lower productivity, far lower standards of living, and far less political freedom, than they had attained under capitalism.

The Second World War drew the USSR out of its shell and brought it back to the arena of world politics as both a great power staking out national claims, and as the head of the international Communist interest. Stalin's armies carried revolution on the point of their bayonets into eastern and central Europe. Moreover, the international impetus of revolution, which had seemed extinct during a quarter of a century, came back into its own in Asia; the Chinese revolution was no mere by-product of the victory of Russian arms, but a gigantic social upheaval in its own right. Thus Russia's isolation was broken at a time when she was rapidly shortening her industrial lag behind the west.

Clearly, the political evolution within the Soviet Union, and the prospects of international Communism depend now on the pace at which the Soviet Union continues to shorten the lag. So far the USSR has achieved its industrial progress at the consumers' expense. Yet, superior efficiency necessarily translates itself, albeit with a delay, into higher standards of living. These should lead to the softening of social tensions, the weakening of antagonisms between bureaucracy and workers, and workers and peasants, to the further lessening of terror, and to the further growth of civil liberties. This trend may be complicated, blurred, or periodically halted by the inertia of Stalinism, by war panics, and, more basically, by the circumstance that the Soviet Union still remains in a position of overall economic inferiority *vis-à-vis* its American antipode.

The impact of the new situation upon world Communism will make itself increasingly felt in coming years. Already it is obvious that a satellite over Earth is worth much more for the Soviet Union than many a satellite on Earth. The USSR's dramatic demonstration of its new technological power tends to re-establish its leadership in the Communist camp, just after that leadership had been morally shaken. The message of the satellite to all Communist Parties is that things may be very different for them in the second half of the century from what they were in the first; that the epoch during which their cause has been discredited or at least handicapped by the poverty, backwardness, and oppressiveness of the first workers' state is drawing to a close; and that they may look forward to a time when the appeal of Communism may be as much enhanced by Soviet wealth and technological progress as the attraction of bourgeois democracy has in our days been enhanced by the fact that it has had behind it the vast resources of the United States. More than ever is the world-wide 'contest of the two systems' bound to centre on the technological and industrial duel of the two giants, a duel for which the earth has become too small.

* * *

The historian of the future will perhaps say that, 40 years after the October revolution, man set out to conquer the moon and the planets before he had set his own planet in some sort of order; and so he projected his earthly follies into interplanetary space. But will the historian ponder this merely as one of the paradoxical curiosities of an age of transition, or will he see in it the tragedy of our time?

ISAAC DEUTSCHER

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'Cheapest laugh on the market', says Smith's Trade News (who should know) about the new THIS ENGLAND collection. And no wonder! A New Statesman publication, it has 425 uproarious This Englands and 43 pictures by Nicolas Bentley—all for 2s. 6d. Your bookseller and newsagent have copies.

London Diary

THE saga of Malcolm Muggeridge, the Queen, the press and TV makes a wonderfully instructive comment on the theme of the Man and the Legend, about which Muggeridge himself wrote in this journal when Lord Altrincham was the man (victim or hero). The reader of the *Daily Express*, which led the attack, may still believe that Muggeridge wrote for a large selling and generously paying American magazine a personal attack on the Queen at the moment when she was visiting the US; that, very properly barred by Sir Ian Jacob from polluting the British air with his pestilential views, he accepted another large fee for an obsequious recantation of these views on an American television show. The trouble with this un-pretty picture is that it is at every point false. The original article was an enlargement of the article 'Royal Soap Opera' which appeared in this journal (22 Oct. 1955); it was a serious study of British monarchy which made no attack on the Queen but established the now familiar points that 'court circles' which manage these affairs are out of touch with the thoughts and feelings of this generation, that the royal family is badly 'produced' in public, as well as much criticised by the remnant of a social class which is no longer important except to itself. The selection of quotations from this article given by the *Express* distorted and in some cases actually carried the opposite meaning from Mr Muggeridge's. A similar misleading effect was produced, though not intentionally, by the short extracts given in the Sunday papers here from the interview with Mike Wallace in New York. Personal praise for the Queen and general support for the monarchy as an institution were not in any way inconsistent with Muggeridge's article. Those who have read the very complete account of the interview by Alistair Cooke, published in the *Manchester Guardian* last Monday, will conclude that Muggeridge faced the famous 'rough' questioning of Mike Wallace with wit and *sang froid* and said nothing in the interview that was at odds with what he wrote in the article. Muggeridge tells me he liked Mike Wallace and approved his straight shooting as good technique.

* * *

Westerners interested in China have recently been mainly concerned with the savage vilification of writers who accepted Mao's invitation to express themselves freely. A friend who has intimate knowledge of modern China has been telling me this week something of the other side—the significance of Peking's latest engineering achievements. The fire-crackers—which mark every joyful occasion in China, a festival, a wedding, a new shop—celebrated something really big when they went off on 15 October at the opening to road and rail traffic of Wuhan's bridge across the Yangtze. Wuhan is merely a collective name for three central Chinese cities—Hankow, Wuchang, Hanyang—which clutter the Yangtze's banks at the point where 10,000-ton freighters from Shanghai unload their cargo. They have some claim on history, and none on the eye. They are unappetizing, sweaty 'Chicagos', turning out iron and steel and dealing in bristles, wood oil, grain and textiles. The bridge, with its double-track railway and six-lane highway, alters all this. It links the railway from Canton to the line from Peking. But its supreme value in China's eyes is that it is the culmination of a dream. 'Taming the Yellow River, bridging the Yangtze—the one will never be done; the other will come to noth-

ing.' For centuries the people of the Yellow River valley have ached to control those rich and nightmare waters. Now at Sanmen Gorge a control scheme, which will take decades to complete, is under way. Ever since the industrial revolution cast its shadow on this country, a Yangtze bridge has been talked about. Several times it reached the drawing-board stage, only to be shelved by local politics and considerable embezzlement of the building fund. Now the 3,780 ft. span makes the uncomfortable sampan crossing unnecessary except for the romantic traveller.

* * *

Art is long (they used to make me say) and time is fleeting, And our hearts, though stout and brave, Still like muffled drums are beating Funeral marches to the grave. I can see now what this is about. A lady who is trying to send four shillings to Belgium for a photograph of a Pieter Brueghel picture has just sent me a round-by-round account of the enterprise up to now. (She wants the photograph as an illustration for a book. The picture is the *Dulle Griet* shown in the Royal Academy exhibition of Flemish Art in 1954, and she thinks it will illustrate a point in her thesis about 'subconsciously prompted fancies becoming part of artistic or literary production'.) Her first inquiry brought an invoice for 27 Belgian francs (about four shillings) from the *Archives Centrales Iconographiques d'Art Nationale* in Brussels. She went with this to her local post office to get an international postal money order, and they said she must go to the one in the nearest big town. Here she was told to write to the Accountant-General's Dept., GPO, Bickley, Kent. The reply she got from there was that she must get an import licence from the Board of Trade at 43 Marsham Street, SW1. She wrote for this on 27 September. Three weeks later she received a batch of forms, on which she was to apply for a licence to import Goods other than Vehicles, Exposed Cinematograph Films, Machinery, Plant, Scientific Instruments and Parts for which special application forms are used. Among these forms was the blank for the import licence that she still hopes to get one day. She has to make it out herself, but it will not become a licence until the Board of Trade has nerved itself to the point of 'validating' it. Then she can start again, I suppose, on the post offices. Let us, then (may I suggest to her?) be up and doing, With a heart for any fate; Still achieving, still pursuing, Learn to labour and to wait.

* * *

One of the agreeable sides of London life now is the cheerful efficiency and popularity of Negro bus conductors. Recently I watched one of them coping affably with a passenger who seemed to have been driven to drink by the warm weather. London Transport, the passenger was complaining loudly, was lousy with niggers. This so angered a middle-aged white man sitting opposite that he joined in at once, defending bus conductors in a voice of such stentorian partisanship that even the people on the pavement stopped and stared as the bus passed them. The drunk, completely outclassed by the noise, could only gesticulate; while his tutor grew so incensed by the fresh things he kept thinking of and shouting that in the end the conductor had to ask him to stop. The racial equality advocate then took up a broader position, from which he could anathematise bus conductors of every colour. Colour, he explained so that we could all hear, had nothing to do with it. Bus conductors were a lot of bastards anyway. And thus it happened that he, and not the drunk, at last had to be the one who was turned off the bus. The way this was done was a piece of amiable but efficient social artistry that I shall long remember.

* * *

In Ghana the other day, wearied with political talk, I went with Colin Legum to a fishing village not far from Accra. Between the white breakers and the fringe of tall coconut trees there is a belt of sand on which the fishermen had just unloaded a satisfying haul. On the shore there was a great scene of sorting and bargaining. As we walked down to it, we talked to a boy, perhaps 11 years old, in shorts and a bright shirt, sitting on a log engrossed in his English textbook. He was shy, but he looked forward to high-school and college, and goodness knows what great career to follow. He seemed to typify the new, hopeful Ghana. Then we talked to an African who had been an enthusiastic CPP supporter. He was still doubtful about Nkrumah and approved of Gbedemah, but thought that Krobo Edusei, Botsio and most of their colleagues were plain toughs. His detailed interest in politics was instructive – even if he was a taxi-driver and therefore untypical. I could not learn how far the fishing people themselves were politically minded. They were engrossed, some in a primitive form of barter – so many loaves and vegetables against a large or small basket of fish. Nearby, we watched a fascinating piece of bargaining. A fine African woman with a baby, as always, on her back, was discussing with a group of children how much she would pay for some of their father's fish. The fish lay in piles on the ground and were already covered with sand. The children would pick up three in their hands and add them to a pile. Enough? The woman holding out her money rejected the offer; what about two more now dilapidated fish on the pile? What about half the pile and taking half the money? And once more the fish was divided into a series of small heaps. Laughingly the woman refused the deal. Colin said: 'Your husband will beat you when you get back for not taking back enough fish for dinner'. She laughed disdainfully. 'He give me small money. I give him small fish'.

CRITIC

This England

Prizes: £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.

People living on the new NCB estate in the village are unable to obtain a reasonable picture on their TV sets because there is not enough electric power in the village, the council was told.

'I had to go to bed at eight recently because I couldn't get a picture of any kind on my set', complained Mr Peter McDonald. – *Yorkshire Evening Post.* (R. Holmes.)

Russia has sprung a gigantic hoax on the world. I just do not believe they have an artificial moon up there! – Letter in *Daily Mirror.* (R. K. Hendra.)

Mrs Alan Milne, mother of one of this year's debutantes, advances a most interesting theory about debutantes who go out to work for a living.

'I am sure that girls who go out to work only do it because they come from unhappy homes. My daughter certainly won't take a job,' she says. – *Sunday Express.* (S. Waldon.)

As an angry young man of 21 I dissociate myself from John Osborne's cult of angry young men. In fact, I loathe that gang of National Service evaders, coffee drinkers, and university grants manipulators.

I would like to meet John Osborne in the Rugger field or boxing ring. I wonder if he has the courage to support his angry words with deeds? – Letter in *Daily Mail.* (D. E. Jones.)

Progress

'Here's one BBC ban we can heartily support—no mimicry of Sir Winston Churchill. . . . Clearly it is right that the greatest Englishmen should be protected from the comics. (Editorial in the *Star.*)

The glories of our blood and state
  Under the Hangoverian kings,
When Prinnie played the reprobate
  Were shadows, not substantial things;
    And Englishmen
    With mordant pen
Would tickle Charles (between *affaires*)
To match his rapier wit with theirs.

But in Victoria's reign, alas,
  A grim and grey taboo appeared:
The mirror of the Middle Class
  Reflected what it most revered;
    Familias,
    That pompous ass,
With beard and bible scowled and spanked,
And all his quirks were sacrosanct.

I have no quarrel with the Queen
  (A lady I have never met) –
Should Muggeridge's mug be seen
  Upon a television set?
    I'd answer 'Yes',
    Though I possess
No telly – for I rather like
The thought of freedom on the mike.

Yet now it seems that Winston, too,
  No ribald ridicule must reach:
It's made lèse-majesty if you
  So much as imitate his speech.
    Kings deified
    Before they died
In ancient histories appear –
But we can add the Grand Vizier.

REGINALD REYNOLDS

The Hidden Persuaders

WHEN I was seven I used to gather such berries as our suburb afforded and soak them in water, and when the infusion was a suitably sombre shade of brown, bottle it. Thus I made symbols for instruments of mysterious power: sometimes they played the part of poisons, at others of drugs, or of elixirs. Maleficient or beneficient, I never actually administered a dose – even to the cat. It was enough that the liquids existed to give me, in imagination, the power to manipulate the lives of other people by means of my mysterious knowledge. I was, in short, an alchemist, a witch-doctor, never a scientist. I had no sooner started to read Vance Packard's *The Hidden Persuaders* (Longmans, 18s.) than I remembered my spells.

Of course, only a really frightening situation could have driven American advertising men to drive American business into the arms of the witch-doctors. Their thing which goes bump in the night is the ever-present fear that production will out-run consumption. 'Most Americans already possessed perfectly usable stoves, cars, TV sets, clothes, etc. . .' Waiting for them to wear out would entail national ruin; somehow 'psychological obsolescence' must be created, so that chattels would be prematurely superannuated. It is to this end that every American man, woman and child is taxed, not by government but by

business, an annual $53 (1955 figure), amounting to £3,200 m. to be spent on persuading them to consume, consume, consume. Have you two cars? You must buy a third; a perfectly serviceable refrigerator? It is your duty to scrap it. Not to keep up with the Joneses; that is a superficial view; to keep up with the machines. This is Looking-glass Land, where everyone must keep running like hell in order to stay in the same place.

Given this situation, what a shock it must have been to the top people when they realised that advertising and sales promotion, the whip and scorpion with which under-consumers are scourged, were subject to the operation of a sort of Gresham's Law! Nothing less menacing could, perhaps, have turned the eyes of big business, half in hope and half in fear, to the motivation researchers, the symbol-manipulators and the depth-probers, as the eyes of primitive men are turned to their sorcerers by the threat of some cosmic disaster.

The sorcerers resorted to and now being paid at the rate of about £100 m. a year are 'motivational-researchers' and 'depth-probers'. Many of them are qualified psychologists or psychiatrists; others, one imagines, qualified by no more than effrontery and a smattering of the jargon. The seven thousand 'psychologically oriented' specialists employed in advertising may, in difficult cases, have recourse to professors of the social sciences at the universities, and they, I regret to report, have shown no reluctance whatever to helping to graft imaginary qualities on to commodities which sell insufficiently well on their own attributes, or to assist the 'merchandisers' in their exploitation of fear, greed, and lust.

These, then, are the hidden persuaders of Mr Packard's waking nightmare, the exponents of the 'depth-probe', America's (and Britain's?) brainwashers. They are employed not only in persuading people to spend money they have not got on things they don't want, but also politically. In fact, no distinction is now made. The Eisenhower victory in the last presidential election was an advertising agency triumph. Professor Clyde Miller is quoted by Mr Packard to the effect that: 'The crux of all persuasion jobs, whether selling soft drinks or a political philosophy, is to develop [these] conditional (*sic*) reflexes by flashing on trigger words, symbols or acts'. But how do you find the trigger words and symbols?

One way is the 'depth interview': this, as described, is a sort of abuse of a Freudian clinical technique. A more or less large number of consumers is submitted to various psychological tests, including a travesty of psychoanalysis. They are set '. . . musing absent-mindedly about all the "pleasures, joys, enthusiasms, agonies, nightmares, deceptions, apprehensions the product recalls to them" '. One might suppose that these spiritual and moral motions would not be very great in respect to a cake-mix, a cigarette brand, or a toilet-paper. Apparently, one would be wrong. Incidentally, 'the person thus tested is given the impression he is being tested for some reason other than the real one'. Use is made of the Rorschach ink-blot technique, but '. . . many of the depth-probers of merchandising prefer the so-called TAT to the Rorschach'. And no wonder: TAT stands for Thematic Apperception Test in which the subject is encouraged to project himself into a picture which includes themes to be used in the advertising copy, so that '. . . probers can assess his impulses, anxieties, wishes, ill-feelings'.

In the Szondi test the advertising agent's psychologist shows the subject a series of cards bearing portraits of people, asking him to choose the one he would most like to sit beside on a train journey. The guinea-pigs are not told that all the portraits are of disordered persons – 'homosexual, sadist, epileptic, hysterical, catatonic, paranoid, depressed, or maniac'. The notion is that we are all more or less one of these things; a series of such tests will reveal whether the advertising copy should be given a predominantly homosexual, sadist, hysterical, etc., etc., twist. One large agency used this method to find out how to make more people into heavy whisky drinkers, for its distiller clients. 'In using the Szondi on heavy whisky drinkers it tested the subjects before they had a drink and then tested them after they had had three drinks . . . a change takes place that would make your hair stand on end.' Fancy!

Mr Packard could get very little information about the use of 'sub-threshold effects'. The device used was invented, by a Hungarian, about quarter of a century ago, although an American holds a patent for the latest one. It flashes a repeated message on to a cinema screen for a split second, the time being too short for the audience to notice it consciously, although it can absorb it subconsciously and, obeying the order given, rush off to buy ice-cream (or vote for Hitler). Are we to take this seriously? The trouble is, one doesn't know. The book, unintentionally of course, is hilariously funny: two earnest psychologists deducing from a man's Studebaker car, cream-based hair-oil, and electric shaver, that he will be wearing loud shorts. The incredible Dr Dichter (Viennese by birth; it almost goes without saying), berating cigarette manufacturers for having dreamy faces in their advertisements, and making the profound discovery that whereas young Americans smoke to look older, old Americans – sorry, Americans in the later maturity – smoke to look younger.

It is all good, rousing, knock-about farce. And, as to its morality, can it matter to us which of two thieves, hurling their psychologically oriented merchandisers into battle over a stolen ass, wins? May we not, even, get a chance to play *troisième larron?* But no, this will not do: true, it is unimportant whether we are swindled by the detergent-maker Bif or Baf. But if depth-probing does really give Bif the edge over Baf, for which there is a good deal of evidence, then why should it not give Political Boss Napoleon an edge over Political Boss Snowball? And put us helplessly into Napoleon's hands? The fact is, we do not know how much damage these humourless, ruthless, dollar-drunk sorcerer's apprentices are doing.

American motor-car manufacturers no longer sell a means of transport: they sell extensions of personal power, or they sell social grade symbols. Hence the size and fantastic appearance of American cars; and the corollary, a high death-rate on the roads, and a frightful parking problem. You no longer sell milk for its food value; you make use, more or less subtly, in your copy and pictures and TV dope, of a 'back to the breast' appeal. The successful 'I dreamed I stopped the traffic in my Maidenform bra' campaign was based on the discovery that 'the wish to appear naked or scantily clad in a crowd' is present in most of us; and the modern technique is to reassure American men that they are males, American women that they are females. Apparently, they need this.

What, however, is so frightening about this book is the total want of a sense of responsibility, and of respect for the individual human being, which it vividly reveals. There is only one question the merchandisers ever ask themselves: will it pay? The Nazis practised what Mr Packard calls the 'Psycho-seduction' of children, turning them into informers against their parents. The depth-merchandisers, by means of television, 'psycho-seduce' children into driving or nagging their

Sputnik!

Time between now and Christmas is slipping away at the speed of a Red Moon. Christmas gifts for friends abroad need your urgent consideration. All those holiday and business friends, pen pals and emigrant relatives so many postage days away—what can you give them, and will it arrive in time?

Here is a simple solution. If they are not already readers of the NEW STATESMAN, why not give them a six-month subscription at a bargain rate? Each year we help our readers to solve their present problems in this way, and you in turn help us to find new readers. Because so many permanent new readers are thus introduced to the paper, it is possible to make this offer a really cheap one.

Our offer is this. We will send the NEW STATESMAN for six months (26 issues) to a *new* reader at any address in the world for 12s 6d —*half* the usual rate. Moreover, we will charge only 30s for three such subscriptions, and at the rate of 10s per subscription for any number in excess of three. Recipients of these Gift Subscriptions will be notified by us and informed of the name of the donor; they are under no obligation to continue purchasing the paper after the Gift Subscription expires. First copies will be dispatched from this office to arrive as near Christmas as possible.

Readers in North America may remit at the rate of $2.25 per subscription, or $6 for three and $2 each thereafter either to London or to: British Publications Inc., 30 East 60th Street, New York 22, N.Y.

To THE NEW STATESMAN
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I agree to the terms of your Christmas Offer and enclose £.....s.....d. *for .....six-month Gift Subscriptions for friends overseas.*

DONOR'S NAME AND ADDRESS
(*Please use* BLOCK *letters*)

.....

.....

.....

Gift Subscriptions to be addressed to:

1. .....
2. .....
3. .....
4. .....
5. .....
6. .....
7. .....
8. .....

If you do not wish to cut your paper, just send your list saying you agree to the conditions of the offer.

parents to spend, spend, and spend. Nobody, apparently, bats an eyelid when a Mr C. R. Schafer, an electronics engineer, tells the National Electronics Conference (1956): 'The ultimate achievement of biocontrol may be the control of man himself. . . . The controlled subjects would never be permitted to think as individuals. A few months after birth a surgeon would equip each child with a socket mounted under the scalp and electrodes reaching selected areas of the brain tissue . . . the child's sensory perceptions and muscular activity would be either modified or completely controlled by bioelectric signals radiating from state-controlled transmitters. . . .' Science fiction? Well, but is it? Mr Packard says that through 'biocontrol scientists have already changed people's sense of balance'.

I suppose most of us have thought of '1984' as reaching us from the East. Can it be that while our eyes are anxiously fixed in that quarter, something very nasty indeed is creeping up behind our backs?

EDWARD HYAMS

Fleet Street Notebook

SEND a dozen or so special correspondents, all highly trained in the use of eye and ear, and expert in the art of selecting adjectives, to any royal occasion and you will be surprised at what you get. The infinite capacity of different newspapers for seeing the same thing differently still provides, I find, one of the major pleasures of excessive newspaper reading.

Not that there was much dubiety about the Queen's reception in New York. One cannot, it is true, testify with absolute certainty whether she was greeted by 675,000 people (*Manchester Guardian*), 700,000 (*Daily Sketch*), 750,000 (*Daily Telegraph*), or 1,000,000 (*Daily Herald*); but on such occasions a quarter of a million either way is not to be held against any man. Whatever the count there could be no doubt at all that New York had really done its stuff. 'Razzmatazz on Broadway', exulted the *Daily Express*; 'Greatest Day of All', shouted the *Mail*; 'Queen of New York – Just For a Day', roared the *Herald*; and 'My Goodness' gasped the *Sketch*, even though the *News Chronicle* decided that the biggest news of all was 'Duke In Jam – Walks'. As for the *Daily Mirror*, it felt that it could not do better than hand over to its fellow tabloid, the New York *Daily News* and reprint its front page 'Hi Liz And Philip Too'.

What with one thing and another, the task of the impartial reader in assessing exactly what happened in Washington is less easy. According to the *Herald*, whose correspondent obviously believes in round numbers, 'A million Washingtonians Laid On The Lot' for the Queen and the Duke, cheering themselves hoarse in the biggest reception "since MacArthur came home from Tokio"'. More modestly the *News Chronicle* reported 'cheering thousands'. The *Mail* reconciled itself to happy crowds as well as 'the thousands who stayed mesmerised by their television sets'. But the *Express*, like the *Herald*, had no doubts: 'Well over a million people jammed the side walks of America's capital', reported Rene MacColl. He added: 'I have known Washington for a good many years, but I cannot think of many crowd scenes to touch this one'. *The Times*, too, put the crowd at a million. When one turns to the *Manchester Guardian*, however, something somewhere seems to have shrunk. It advised its readers that the Queen's reception had been triumphant despite 'the smallness of the crowd'. (Can it be that in Manchester they regard a million as nothing much?) This it attributed to the rather unfavourable weather. It added that, otherwise, 'the reception exceeded in warmth and cordiality anything known to Washington for many years'. So far, apart from the rather strange arithmetical discrepancy, so good. At first reading there seemed no doubt that, whether large or small, the crowd had cheered its collective head off. By Sunday, Mr Arthur Helliwell of the *People* had filed his story. 'In the interests of factual and accurate reporting,' announced Mr Helliwell, clearly determined to give the *People* readers a perhaps unexpected treat, 'I have to tell you that the crowds that have turned out to see the Queen have been surprisingly, even embarrassingly, silent. There has been none of the wild cheering or noisy shouts of welcome I expected.' Can it be that Mr Helliwell needs a hearing aid? Or do some of his colleagues carry portable amplifiers? Fortunately, silent or not, Mr Helliwell had no difficulty in looking into the minds of the American people and seeing by and large what his colleagues did. 'You should be proud of that little girl. That's what all the Mums of America want to say to Philip,' he reported.

Not all reporters may see, hear, or even count the same, but when it comes down to brass tacks they can all be trusted to reach approximately the same conclusions. Nor can there be much doubt, after a careful study of all versions, that the conclusion is the correct one. Whether they were all out on the streets or not, silent or noisy, there seems no doubt at all that people of both Washington and New York enjoyed having their visitors and that their visitors enjoyed it, too.

I find everywhere in Fleet Street both surprise and dismay at the *Sunday Dispatch*'s cancellation of its arrangement for a weekly article from Malcolm Muggeridge, after the appearance of only one article – surely the shortest appointment in journalistic history. The surprise comes because on purely journalistic grounds everyone felt the *Dispatch* could feel itself on a good thing. It is not every columnist hired because of his controversial opinions who presents his employers with headlines about himself in the entire national press the very week he begins.

The dismay goes deeper. Muggeridge has never hidden his opinions. The *Dispatch* was well aware of them when it engaged him. Now, because of the storm over his *Saturday Evening Post* article, it self-righteously announces that it will ban him from its columns. One does not expect a great many independent voices in the popular daily and Sunday press these days, but this is carrying fear on nonconformity to the extreme. More disturbing are the reports that the people who are particularly opposed to Muggeridge are a number of big advertising agents who have not hesitated to let their opinions be known in various quarters. Colour is lent to these reports by the news that some commercial television companies, which had originally announced their readiness to give Muggeridge freedom to air his views if the BBC would not, subsequently, changed their minds after a number of the big advertising agents had had a chance to speak up. The view of these advertising agents appears to be that independence is all very well – so long as it doesn't upset anyone, or at least anyone with money. But if independence may annoy potential consumers of advertised goods then it had better be stopped – or else. I cannot imagine that the *Dispatch* allowed these sort of considerations to weigh with it: but what considerations it did seriously weigh I find it equally impossible to guess. At a time when more and more newspapers rely desperately upon the good will of the big advertising agents to keep their heads above water, the atmosphere now developing in Fleet Street seems to have the most serious and sinister possibilities.

FRANCIS WILLIAMS

Dr Adenauer's Suburbia

HERE was, at half-past seven in the evening, Hamburg Station. It was the new German world, built to astound and subjugate the wild, unruly traveller from the stations of London, Barcelona or Paris. It gleamed, shone, glowed with imprisoned flowers, barbers' shops, first- and second-class restaurants, confectioners, sausage bars, milk bars, foreign press stationers, travel bureaus, and an Accommodation Department. Everybody was well dressed, slightly bronzed, and spoke in low assured voices, the women were decidedly handsome, without being too beautiful or unusual (which could happen, say, in Paris) to detract from the clean, organized masterpiece which the railway station constituted. Along I went to the Accommodation Department, and joined a small queue of docile travellers, people whose faces seemed utterly content to become temporary ciphers for a benevolent bureaucracy to docket, pigeon-hole, and convey, by neatly typed instruction (nearest tram, nearest U-bahn) to first-class hotel, second-class hotel, pension, or lodging.

'English?' said a stern, terribly clean lady. 'I will send for the English-speaking officer.' I waited only a moment and another lady appeared. Her English was impeccable. 'What sort of accommodation do you require?' 'Something very cheap', I said, blushing. 'I understand', she said in quite a kind voice. 'A tenement would do', I said. 'We have no tenements in Hamburg', she said in a sterner voice. 'I will arrange a lodging for you.' She went to the telephone, handed me an instruction card which contained the name and address of the relevant householder, district, relevant tram, price per day. 'That will be two marks in advance', she said. 'Have a good stay and a good appetite for your dinner.' 'Thank you,' I said, moved.

Immediately, I went back into the station, had a haircut, shampoo and manicure, changed my shirt in an enormous spotless lavatory, and mingled as best I could with the smart, ordered crowd, asking instructions in my terrible German with a low, metropolitan accentuation. However, outside the station people seemed larger and ruder, more like life; it might even have been an extremely clean and more aesthetic sort of Manchester. I couldn't find the tram (I can never find trams) and jumped into a taxi, handing the driver my instruction card. 'Ritterstrasse', he shouted, as though he particularly loathed the Ritterstrasse. It proved to be a long ride, and I arrived in a sort of suburb, brand-new, and clean as a pin. 'This is the house', cried the taxi driver, handing me my bag. I rang the flat bell, waited, the front door was unlocked, and there stood Herr Schmidt. 'Good evening, Herr Karsen', he said, well-primed. 'I hope you have had a good voyage.' 'Certainly', I said. 'Then come upstairs.' We went up one flight of stairs, he unlocked the flat door and showed me

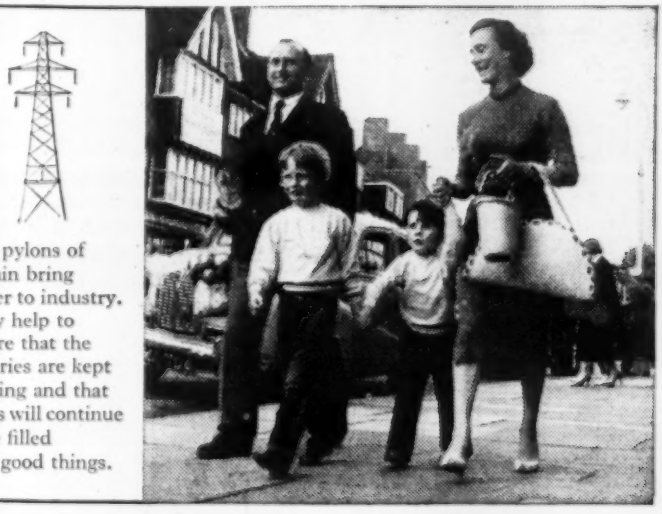
The start of a new era— nuclear power for the nation

Britain leads the world in the application of nuclear power to electricity generation. The material progress of every industrial nation is always accompanied by a proportionate increase in the demand for electricity. The vigorous development of this new source of power is vital to safeguard our full employment and our future prosperity. The demand for electricity in Britain doubles every ten years. The Central Electricity Authority have already met the doubled demand since 1st April, 1948, and have made provision for a similar expansion in the next decade.

To safeguard and expand Britain's prosperity, a total of £3,350 million will be spent on the electricity supply industry over the next eight years. This includes plans to build and bring into operation enough nuclear power stations to provide from 5 to 6 million kilowatts of generating capacity by 1965. This will involve expenditure upwards of £1,000 million. Construction of nuclear power stations is an important part of the overall plan for meeting the ever-growing demand for electricity.

To bring the increasing supply of electricity to consumers, and to make the supply available to those who are waiting to receive it, about £400 million will be expended on new main transmission lines — the 132,000 and 275,000 volt Grid and Supergrid. About £1,000 million will be spent on distribution.

Without this vast electrical development — the new power stations and the new transmission Grids — Britain's prosperity could not be maintained and expanded.



The pylons of Britain bring power to industry. They help to ensure that the factories are kept running and that shops will continue to be filled with good things.

This series of advertisements is being published so that everyone will understand the urgency of the nation's nuclear power programme and the vital need to speed the job.

into a small hall. Everything smelt of soap, detergents, and furniture polish. Any fly here would have died of boredom. 'This is your bedroom', said Herr Schmidt, 'Will you please pay in advance?' 'Certainly', I said. Over my bed I saw what must have been a coloured photograph. It was a country scene with snow, fir trees and a small frozen pond. On the pond a female child in a fur-trimmed coat was skating, watched by Father (wearing a homburg), Mother, eldest son and fiancée. They were arm-in-arm, rapt. It was somehow a quick flickering vision of a middle-aged Germany behind the gleaming modern railway station. 'I will go out to eat', I said, when he had given me the keys. 'Good appetite', he cried.

The next morning I took a walk around the Ritterstrasse. It was almost frightening, like a brand-new plan of a tasteful housing estate. And people are living in this plan, exercising their dogs, shaking hands with each other and saying 'Happy voyage. Good appetite'. There wasn't a single ugly house, not a tasteless curtain out of place, the shops, though all opulent, were discreetly window-dressed, every object, whether a banana, a box of hygienic handkerchiefs, or a fur coat, appeared a thousand times cleaner, to better advantage than bananas, hygienic handkerchiefs or fur coats in any shop in the whole of Oxford Street. There was even a shop filled with the most terrible oil paintings of rustic scenes (somewhat akin to the terrain of my young skater's family) which compelled admiration for the utter cleanness of the paint, and the brand-new *gemutlichkeit* of the frames. All the houses exuded an aura of intense industry, and somehow, even after only a short walk, I thought of such far-away places as Japan and America, where, behind the good appetites and the wholesome industry, surely exist the core of the skater's scene and those odd quirks of character which are never quite European. Also, for the first time in my life, I began to feel homesick for the awful areas of the London jungle, the terrible crescents of Camden Town, although quite aware that the responsible arbiters of English architectural taste are only dreaming of what the Germans have already, against insuperable odds, accomplished.

Across the road I saw a modish bar. *Elbschloss Beer*, it said, invitingly, and I walked across the pavement to cross the road. Something shot by my ear, and a voice yelled what, in Persia, Tibet, or New Guinea, would at once be recognised as obscenities. It was a cyclist. I was on a cyclists' path. Was there also a children's path, a dogs' path, and a thin meandering track for cats? I crossed the road, and, the cyclist's world dismissed, again entangled myself with a bicycle, a baby on the handlebars, and a man in knee breeches. Hordes of bicycles came rushing on: it was like the Tour de France. 'I'm sorry', I said to the man in knee breeches. 'I have just arrived.' '— — — —', said the cyclist in fluent Hamburger. 'In England we have no ways with bicycles.' I really meant 'for' and had possibly made the situation worse. 'Englander', shouted the cyclist, jumping on his machine and adjusting the baby. 'Beautiful baby', I said absurdly, pointing '— — —', cried the Hamburger.

I entered the bar. It was like something in Gerrard's Cross, but infinitely neater. In every German room, anywhere, women's hands have been working themselves to the bone, the very air is more transparent. Behind the bar was the sort of middle-aged club secretary one would have met, say, in the West Country, ex-army, public school, rowing blue, hunting man. I sat down and ordered a Schnapps. 'Certainly', said the rowing blue. 'Are you a Dane?' 'No', I said, 'I am English.' 'English', said the proprietor. 'You have a very fine pronunciation.' I drank several more glasses of Donkart, the air became still more transparent, the furniture gleamed, and my tongue was loosened. Give me four or five words of any language, a sufficient dose of alcohol and I can make a speech. 'You have a good pronunciation', said the rowing blue, 'but I don't understand what you are saying.' Presently more bar-flies gathered, and the club proprietor introduced me. They seemed surprised. Few, if any, Englishmen are apparently seen in suburban bars. There was a very good-looking young man from Danzig. (An electrician who had given himself the day off. To get drunk, he admitted. One day a week.) Another displaced person from the East Zone who spoke English, a friend of his with witty owlish eyes, and a large glum man in a thick suit with a mouth like a rat-trap. Everybody tried to talk to this man, but he kept his words in his purse, got up and walked out. 'Typical Hamburger', said the Danziger imitating the rat-trap mouth. 'Damn you, I'm a Hamburger', said the rowing-blue. 'Looked English', I said. I, too, made a rat-trap mouth. This got a laugh. 'Not all the English', I said; 'say half'. 'Say half Hamburg', said the Danziger. We were on Schnapps rounds, one mark eleven the first, 2.22 the second, 3.33 the third and so on. It depended which chair you sat in. This was called Theke.

'I escaped from the Eastern Zone', said the man who spoke English. He was a jolly man, but an angry man, too, like many of the middle-aged in Germany. They gnaw the hard bone of memory. (There are two kinds of people here, the young and the old. They are completely different. Perhaps all the younger generation of the European countries are growing more the same, including the English, apart, of course, from 'society' individuals, and only the old men mass at the psychological frontiers.) 'If I hadn't, I would be serving eleven years' hard. This man here, my friend, got me out.' The conversation suddenly turned to the Queen. 'What has the Queen done?' asked the man from the East Zone. 'Done?' I said, surprised. 'Yes. It is in *Die Welt*. They are attacking her. It is disgraceful.' I could see he was really angry about this. 'We criticise everything in England', I said. 'But not the Queen', shouted the man from the East Zone. 'It is very important that the Queen should be above everything.' 'That's mysticismus', said the Danziger. 'If you'd said your Eden', cried the Eastern Zoner, 'that would be different. Why has not Eden been shut up in Spandau like the Nuremburg men? He has committed a crime against international society.' 'That's what half England thought', I said. I could see he didn't believe me. Black is black and white is white. 'You should come into Europe', said the East Zoner. But suddenly he switched the conversation back to Schnapps, it was my round, and we began flirting with the waitress. 'There's going to be a marriage here', said the rowing blue, filling the tiny pale glasses and pointing at me.

I sailed out into the street, walked across the pavement and sprawled straight into a bicycle. 'I'm sorry', I said, 'I have just arrived . . .' The man said nothing. He just stared. He had a rat-trap mouth. He was the man from the *Elbschloss* bar. 'In England', I said, 'we have no way with bicycles. . . .' I moved away quickly, back into the pedestrian department.

ANTHONY CARSON

The Arts and Entertainment

The Transfer Temptation

THE Arts Theatre has played such an important part in the theatrical life of London ever since I have been reviewing plays that it is impossible not to be dismayed when it seems to be losing its grip. This has happened, and is bound to happen, from time to time. It had a fine flowering after the war under Mr Alec Clunes with Mr John Fernald as its director, and everyone who enjoyed the theatre as something more than a mere distraction came to rely on it as the most certain source of their pleasure. For such it was an anxious moment when it changed hands. And when Mr Campbell Williams, who took over from Mr Clunes, engaged as his director of productions a very young man just down from the University, heads were shaken in some quarters. But Mr Peter Hall entirely justified the confidence placed in him and the Club decidedly flourished once again. The choice of plays was adventurous, but sound too; they were just the sort of things we wanted to see and which no one else was likely to risk giving us.

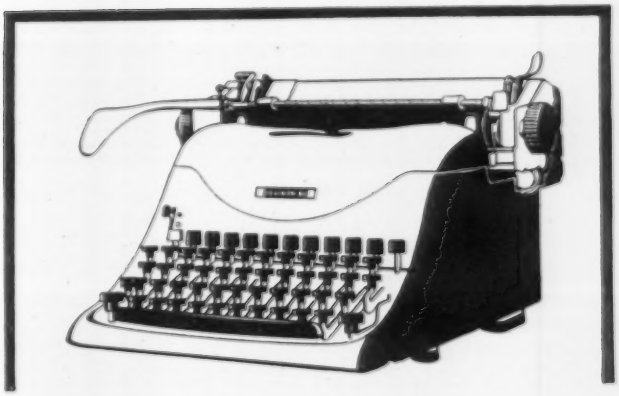
Two of these productions, in particular, *Waiting for Godot* and *The Waltz of the Toreadors* were transferred with enormous success to the West End proper, and shortly afterwards – I am not suggesting there was any connection between the two events – Mr Peter Hall resigned his position. Since his resignation it has seemed to many people that the Arts has been somewhat floundering. It has alternated the highbrow – Genet and Lorca – with plays which seem perhaps to be rather 'try-outs' for the West End than genuine Arts Theatre plays. It seems to have lost its sense of direction, and this is a serious loss for us. I don't want to be thought to be attributing motive – I know nothing at all about Mr Campbell Williams' plans or intentions – but I think it worth saying that there is always in running a small theatre one great temptation – the temptation of the transfer. Small theatres are tricky commercial propositions and a successful transfer is a tremendous financial fillip. For the originating theatre draws a useful percentage from the West End run. Thus the Bristol Old Vic must be pocketing a very agreeable, and much-needed, revenue from *Salad Days*. Windsor Repertory profits considerably from *Grab me a Gondola* and the Arts from *The Waltz of the Toreadors*. The temptation, then, is for such theatres to begin looking round not for plays particularly suited to them and their policy, but to abandon all policy and look for plays particularly suitable for transfer. It must indeed be very hard to keep this factor out of one's calculations. Yet it is fatal, I suggest, to let it be in the forefront. That policy has succeeded only in closing down practically every one of London's other Theatre Clubs. *Waiting for Godot* and *The Waltz of the Toreadors* were plays right in the centre of the Campbell Williams/Peter Hall policy. Their transfer was incidental, a happy by-product. Neither play would have, on the face of it, been chosen if the directors had been looking for obviously transferable plays.

I am sure Mr Campbell Williams is alive to this danger, but I am less sure, judging purely from the recent list, that he and his directors have a clear policy – or anyhow I don't quite see what it is. Their latest presentation is *The Public Prosecutor* by Fritz Hochwälder (translated by Kitty Black). Hochwälder is certainly an OK name. His

Good to look at
good to work with
good to last

Olivetti Lexikon

Many an office has bought its first Lexikon 80 because the machine is so simple and so good to look at. The second, fifth or tenth machine has exactly the same good looks but is bought for a different reason - for the quality of its typing and the way it stands up to the very hardest work, year after year, without trouble or bother. The neat precise typing of a Lexikon 80, its ease and simplicity of operation and its long working life are all due to the same effective cause - careful design and precision engineering, inside and outside, from top to bottom, from A to Z.



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Authorised dealers throughout the country

earlier play *The Strong are Lonely* received extravagant praise as a study of important moral issues, though to me it seemed at the time to miss all the interesting implications of its subject. *The Public Prosecutor* has, so far as I can see, no pretensions above those of old-fashioned melodrama. It deals with three days in the life of the French Revolution. Fouquier-Tinville, the public prosecutor, is a pitiless servant of the Republic who has sent thousands to the guillotine and prides himself on his success in walking the political tightrope where one false step would land him too in the lime-pit. The play tells how he is tricked by the wife of Tallien, the leader of the government, into signing his own death warrant. Even as melodrama it is not entirely successful, for good melodrama supplies us with some unexpected *coup de théâtre*, whereas this one only leads us slowly and inexorably up to the end that we have long foreseen. But Mr Alan Badel who produces and acts the main part is surely right to try it that way for there is no other. Fouquier-Tinville is a ripe full-blooded villain part and Mr Alan Badel plays it with a wealth of chuckles, cynical laughter, high pitched whispers, slouchings and throwings of himself into his chair. I remember in my earliest playgoing days Matheson Lang bringing down the house at Cardiff with many of these tricks of the villain's trade. But we have moved on a little since then.

The play is presented, I see from the programme, 'in association with Oscar Lowenstein Productions, Ltd.', which suggests to me that this too is a 'try-out', and it is this suspicion that has prompted my remarks on 'the temptation of the transfer'.

The Old Vic are now coming to the end of their complete first folio plan, and for their *Henry VI* they have hoped that Mr Douglas Seale will repeat the success he had with this neglected trilogy in his own Birmingham Repertory. He nearly does, though not quite. The telescoping of the first two parts into one evening is one obstacle. And the other is that the play doesn't suit the Old Vic Company so well. In action they are splendid, but their deficiency in voice is rather cruelly shown up. It is a noisy piece, and they cannot make their noises distinguishable. Mr. Leslie Hurry's set is excellent.

T. C. WORSLEY

At Saint Bartholomew's

TEN years ago Dr Paul Steinitz founded the South London Bach Society; at some point during the intervening decade the word 'South' was dropped, and the Society transferred its major activities to the church of St Bartholomew-the-Great in Smithfield, where its founder occupies the post of organist and choirmaster. Last week the tenth anniversary of the group was celebrated there by a three-day Bach Festival, whose opening concert offered a revelation of Bach's supreme genius, presented with an authenticity free from all trace of pedantry. The great Norman nave was fairly well filled; but such an occasion should have packed the church to the doors.

Dr Steinitz showed his devotion to Bach not only in the admirable style of the performances, but in his selection of the music. It is true that the Mass in A major, one of four short Masses which Bach hastily assembled from previously existing material, is not to be counted among his most significant works; but the three Cantatas, Nos. 50, 105 and 198, which comprised the rest of the programme, are all in their several ways masterpieces, and none of them is hackneyed. The first, probably the remains of a full-length Cantata now lost, is a double chorus of astounding energy and power, with full orchestral accompaniment, set to the biblical words: *'Nun ist das Heil, und die Kraft, und das Reich, und die Macht'*. The theme is one of those rock-like Protestant diatonic melodies, with notes of even length rising by successively higher intervals for each successive noun, 'salvation . . .strength . . . kingdom . . . power': once heard, never forgotten. In the 29th bar the second chorus makes a thrilling entry with a free inversion of this theme, while the trumpet continues to play it in its original form. What is so glorious about these devices in Bach is that, unlike many paper ingenuities of our own day, they are instantly perceived by the reasonably attentive ear, and make a decisive emotional impression – in this instance, one of impregnable solidity and certainty.

A parallel instance is to be found in the great opening chorus of the 105th Cantata, the text of which is prompted by the parable of the Unjust Steward: *'Herr, gehe nicht ins Gericht mit deinem Knecht'* ('Lord, enter not into judgment with thy servant'). Here the orchestra starts one of those thematic complexes, half dragging and half sighing, familiar to students of Bach: 'we can see', as Schweitzer puts it, 'the groaning and reluctant man being dragged before the judgment seat'. The voices enter, one after another, with their own expressive and suppliant melody; and when, a little later, the vocal and the instrumental themes are surprisingly combined, it is not the mere contrapuntal mastery that startles us but the many-sided unity of the quasi-pictorial composition as a whole. After these grand complexities, simplicity follows in the form of an aria which is a prolonged duet for solo soprano and oboe; the accompaniment is confined to the upper strings, with the bass line in the viola part, and its sound, as played by the Riddick Orchestra, was ravishingly sweet. The most striking inspiration of this Cantata is reserved for the very end, when the transition in the sinner's soul from despair to confidence is symbolised by the gradual slowing down of the figuration which accompanies the final chorale – step by step all the way from trembling semiquavers to slow and peaceful crotchets. The *Trauer-Ode*, a mourning Cantata for the Queen of Poland, a beloved Defender of the Protestant Faith, is neglected because of its occasional character and flowery text; but this too is a superb composition, with one amazing page of arioso in which the accompaniment depicts a multiple peal of bells, first small, then large, dinning and tolling from the upper to the lowest registers.

All these diverse beauties and many more were fully realised by the performers, and our pleasure was completed by the careful provision of a booklet containing full texts and translations of each work. The choir, though somewhat stronger on the male than on the female side, is a thoroughly capable and flexible instrument; the wise concert-goer will make a note of the dates both of the complete annual performance of the *St Matthew Passion* in the original German (8 March 1958) and of a miscellaneous summer concert (25 June) devoted largely to English choral works, among them Berkeley's *Stabat Mater* and Rubbra's very beautiful *Song of the Soul*.

Rudolf Schwarz introduced himself publicly last week as the new conductor-in-Chief of the BBC Symphony Orchestra in a Festival Hall concert of which the main feature was an admirable performance of Mahler's First Symphony. His handling of the Finale, in particular – that overlong movement with its hollow apotheosis – was so tactful as to disguise much of its inherent weakness; and in the three delightful earlier movements he managed to instil into his English players an almost Viennese sweetness of tone and pungency of accent.

DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

Armitage and Turnbull

ONE-MAN exhibitions can be seen currently of two of our leading younger sculptors. That of Kenneth Armitage at Gimpel's seems to me to establish him firmly as our most considerable sculptor since Moore. The more he produces the more he reveals an ability to endow highly formal, almost schematic, equivalents for human shapes with all the feel of a living body passionately felt.

This giving of life to schematic forms has been a gradual process in Armitage's work. Five years ago, when he used to transform groups of figures into flat screens, the life of the figures existed only in terms of their suggested movement. In the works now at Gimpel's the figures have volume and this volume is altogether alive. But the volume is only given to the trunks of the figures. The limbs remain spindly and they have no life. (I'm not implying that spindly forms are necessarily lifeless, only saying that Armitage's are, unlike Giacometti's.) When looking at these sculptures I often find myself obliged to try and overlook the limbs: in some cases they can make the figures look like characters out of Ronald Searle. It says a lot for the quality of these works that this doesn't matter: still, it doesn't help.

The show at Gimpel's, however, does not represent the latest stage in Armitage's development. In a recent life-size sculpture of a woman lying on her back, not in this exhibition because it is at present being cast, the limbs are given their proper weight, and the legs – though not the arms – realised with great intensity. Armitage is clearly one of those artists, so depressingly rare nowadays, who grow in accomplishment and stature.

This sense of growth is absent from William Turnbull's exhibition at the ICA. No less than five years' work is represented here, and yet it is impossible to guess, as we look at them, which works were done after which others. There seems to be no continuity of development, nor is there much in the way of either progress or decline.

The most beautiful things in the show seem to me to be the series of *Head objects* and the series of *Reliefs*, both done in 1955. The *Reliefs* indicate the peculiar character of Turnbull's talent. Each is a horizontal plane with little abstract forms – cylinders and so on – dotted about on them. They are reminiscent of that marvellous work of Giacometti's surrealist period, *On ne joue plus*, and of the series of plaster reliefs made by Eduardo Paolozzi in the late 1940s (although these are reliefs to be hung on a wall). Now, the Turnbull *Reliefs* convey, in an extraordinarily vivid and exciting way, the sensation of looking down at a town from an aeroplane, the exciting thing being that our buoyancy and our movement through the air are re-created as we look down at these sculptures. As a matter of fact, I don't know whether these *Reliefs* were intended to communicate this sensation, but it's impossible not to see them in this way and quite unnecessary to know that Turnbull was a pilot for five years in order to be encouraged to do so. Indeed, the sensation is so strong that the illusion is complete: we cease to be aware that we are looking down at a sculpture; we are looking down at a town.

Now, this is just where Turnbull is utterly different from Giacometti and Paolozzi. The allusions made by *On ne joue plus* are ambiguous and mysterious. The allusions made by the Paolozzi reliefs are multiple and contradictory: a relief which may likewise be a landscape seen from the air will become, a moment later, a close-up of something in the Natural History Museum. In the Turnbulls there is no such ambiguity or multiplicity of reference or of scale: there may be doubt as to what kind of town it is, but it is clearly some sort of city or village or camp seen from high up. For all that the forms are of a kind that tend to have multiple meanings, their effect here is to isolate a single special kind of experience, conveyed without reference to other kinds of experience.

This peculiarity becomes a serious defect in much of Turnbull's work. His *Idols* and *Totems* contain no suggestion of awe, his *Female Figures* no suggestion of desire, and this would seem to be because they grew out of an excitement with discoveries made in the museums, which excitement remained unrelated to other experiences. This, combined with the lack of a sense of development, gives Turnbull's exhibition the air of a collection of the *trouvailles* of a serious and civilised man with a keen eye and an inquiring mind rather than the work of a born artist. Nevertheless, none of our younger sculptors, barring Armitage and Paolozzi who lead the field by a long way, has so far produced a more interesting body of work.

DAVID SYLVESTER

Youth on the March

Contemplating *Declaration*, the young, the angry and the incoherent, what more natural than that I should switch on to *The Golden Year*, in BBC television last Saturday night? A year ago, we hadn't heard of Mr Tommy Steele; now, his name must be known, if not necessarily meaningful, to all except the Top People, whose favourite newspaper rarely reports his activities. His success has been more extraordinary than, shall we say, Mr Colin Wilson's: he has already been the subject of a film, in which he starred, one of those films that, without benefit of West End premiere, wows the suburbs and the provinces. The very sight of him causes female adolescents adoringly to ululate – a most distressing noise. Myself, it must be understood, apart from the minor fact of being of the wrong sex, am twenty years too old fully to appreciate Mr Steele's art. I watched *The Golden Year* for what? In the vague hope, I suppose, of educing a generalisation about youth. Mr Steele might prove to be the Bill Hopkins of the music hall. The generalisation still eludes me. The programme was as corny as one has learned to expect such programmes to be: there's no business like show business and everyone in it has a heart of gold. Mr Gilbert Harding – and he's a hard case enough: he told us so himself – was present to express the surprised approval of middle age. And there, most of the time, was Mr Steele, who, I suspect, has never been addressed as Mr in public print before. A less angry young man you couldn't wish to see; enormously prodigal of his energies; slight in build, waif-like in appearance, rather reminiscent of the young Sinatra; and with a touching, wide-eyed smile of embarrassment almost, as of not knowing quite what has happened to him. As well he might not. He is, perhaps, twenty; twelve months ago, he was a steward on the *Mauretania*; he has, one assumes, another fifty years to go. I find it a solemn thought. Youth's on the march all right, and may I suggest,

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in order that those marching shall know where they're going, that a useful addition to *The Younger Generation* programmes on Network Three would be a serial reading of Wyndham Lewis's *The Doom of Youth*.

The most purely pleasurable moment in my week's looking and listening was when, in a very good number of *The Brains Trust*, Sir Richard Acland electrified his colleagues by suddenly referring to Father Trevor-Roper. But more sustained was my pleasure in the first instalment of Mr Vincent Tilsley's adaptation for television of *Nicholas Nickleby*. This I thought excellent. It started no echoes of the Ealing film of ten years ago, established itself straight away in its own right, and was of its medium and no other. There was a number of very good, rounded performances: Mr Esmond Knight's Squeers, Miss Fay Compton's Mrs Squeers, Mr Carl Bernard's Mantalini, Miss Fabia Drake's Madame Mantalini. It is plain that the great Victorian novelists, having been a standby of sound broadcasting, are about to play a similar part in TV, and for the same reason, that in them there is, as there isn't in contemporary writing, the suggestion of God's plenty, of an abundance so rich that even an adaptation is fat with lines and characters.

Then there was the BBC television version of Mr Angus Wilson's play *The Mulberry Bush*. I watched it, in the first place, because I had not seen it on the stage at Bristol or Chelsea. Whatever else it was not, it was a splendid assault on Sunday-night complacency. It made one, as Mr Wilson's work always does, want to argue. Here, he is continuing his critique of liberalism from the point of view of disabused liberalism; and at the end of the play one finds oneself wondering whether he may not have confused liberals with the professionally good. And then there was what seems to me Mr Wilson's besetting weakness as a writer. No matter what his admirers say, Mr Wilson cannot create a convincing representation of evil. He produces, instead, clichés out of melodrama. One recalls Mrs Curry in *Hemlock and After*. In *The Mulberry Bush* we have the nasty refugee urchin Kurt Landeck, and with every word he spoke belief guttered. Nevertheless, I am glad to have seen the play. There was the excitement of ideas, and a vigorous mind at work; and at the end, as I say, one went on arguing. Not bad for a Sunday night.

WILLIAM SALTER

MIND

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Late Harvest

FESTIVALS come to brighten a London autumn. The first marks the opening of the new National Film Theatre, and might be described as a pick from the festivals. Miss Dilys Powell of the *Sunday Times* and Mr Derek Prouse of *Sight and Sound* have been most personally responsible. Their choice includes Akira Kurosawa's version of *Macbeth*, an exciting and, it would seem, debatable kick-off; I hope to see it during the next few days and to report on this incursion by the director of *Seven Samurai* and *Rashomon* into the feudal Britain of Shakespeare. (It will inaugurate, by the way, yet another festival, at the National Film Theatre, a Japanese season which will last into mid-January.) Elia Kazan's *A Face in the Crowd* has already passed on to the crowd at Warner's; in fact, most of these films sooner or later will reach West End showing, so that one wonders how far to review them. A Russian romance of the Revolution, *The 41st*, was shown on Monday night in the London Festival, and on Sunday week (Nov. 3rd) will start the second festival, that described in handouts as 'Prize-winning Soviet Season', at the Palace Theatre. Not all the prizes were won in Russia.

Let us start with the last, not because it's the best, but because it provides a link, and also a warning. Those who feel that Russian films should never have emerged out of silence might find themselves confirmed here. What gives away *The 41st* is its talk. This unfortunately is in English. Unimaginative dubbing has played havoc with the impressiveness of sand, sea, and sky. A Red Army band straggles across the desert, one girl among a score of men; she is their crack shot; she shades her eyes, cries 'White Guards!', crack, one falls ('Number thirty-nine!'), another ('No. 40'), but she misses the third; it's fate, a handsome blond officer, immediately made her personal prisoner. I'm sorry to adopt this tone, but, thanks partly to the voices – which seem to stem from *The Archers* – one can't help going wrong; and the original, if one could lift the whole thing back into its Russness, seems nearer Corelli than *Storm Over Asia*. But there remain the sky and the ribbed sand and sand-storms, and we get acclimatised to vocal bathos, and the film itself, after a conventional start, improves. The rigors acquire dignity, the girl gets human, so too her prisoner, sand and sky give way to sky and sea. They are together, captor and prisoner, on a deserted shore. Sex and ideology raise their ugly heads. . . . You see, one can't help it, trying all the time to undrop the bricks of that dialogue, and for stretches, *The 41st*, thanks to the director's skill (Grigory Tchoukrai) and one's selective attention, does just come through. But nobody is going to regard it as a pointer to Soviet talents or an addition to world cinema.

Elia Kazan's *A Face in a Crowd* disappointed me. It's big, sardonic, and melodramatic, made with a keen finish, but as a looming satire on TV-created personalities it falls far below *Sunset Boulevard* on old stars or even *Sweet Smell of Success* on columnist dictatorship. Is it in fact any more compelling in its way than its opposite, the phoney picture of glamour offered, say, by Elvis Presley in *Loving You*? I doubt it. Despite acting, photography, cutting, and the whirlwind of a human bull-fight end, its satire of hysteria only gains its own footing on hysteria. With a face from the crowd in the chief part – that of Andy Griffith – it sniffs far too obviously after sweet success.

Then, away from festivals, a film greatly superior: Jules Dassin's *He Who Must Die* at the Academy. This – to the surprise of most who held their breath through the ceiling robbery in *Rififi* – concerns a Greek village in 1921 preparing, under Turkish rule, for its septennial Passion Play, and I hope to consider it at length next week.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

'Man of Distinction', at the Princes

Walter Hasenclever's thin little charade of the German Twenties raises a mere smirk after thirty years. Whatever else may be said of the idol-smashers of the period they were not arch and archness is the fatal weakness of this production. The play was embarrassingly below the powers of a gifted cast who, meant to be impertinent, could sound only incredulous and apologetic. Herr Compass, a ridiculous business man (Eric Porter) tells his daughter Lia (Moira Shearer) that love and marriage are a business. Briskly accepting this, she advertises for a husband and catches a tired scamp (Anton Walbrook) who earns his living by writing letters to housemaids and lonely women of a certain age. A pretty contraption on the stage, simulating the whirligig last seen in *La Ronde*, sends the marionettes in pursuit of one another. Compass is out-manœuvred by the scamp; a detective (Peter Bull) bombinates grotesquely and Moira Shearer, who is beautifully jerky in the manner of the period, ends it all by dancing the Black Bottom, which is great fun. One tasteless scene, in which the gaggle of ugly old lonely-hearts are brought in to be laughed at, indicates the fundamental weakness of the rest of this production; it has evaded the brassy, shocking, noisy and harsh Bad Taste which the Expressionists were good at. Offered as a confection, as pastiche, as muted nostalgia, the play is feeble, pretty and without point.

V. S. P.

Inbal, at Drury Lane

The National Ballet and Dance Theatre of Israel was founded eight years ago by Sara Levi-Tanai, who is choreographer, teacher and artistic director to the company. The technique she favours is simple: a kind of oriental-peasant style, that relies on the dancer's execution and personality, rather than its own intrinsic value. The ballets are accompanied by percussion and breathy pipes, interspersed with song and dialogue, and these sounds – the crying, croaking voices, the neighing laughter and the intricate drum rhythms – are a great help when the eastern tempo of the action becomes unbearably slow. The dancing itself is lively and always executed with a rhythmic ease that any company might envy; but the choreography, with its lack of variety and dramatic climax, makes the stories of the Queen of Sheba and Deborah extraordinarily dull. The best work is *The Yemenite Wedding*, which shows a part of the long series of ancient observances attached to this ceremony. For a week the unacquainted bride and groom are prepared with traditional rites: Rabbis come and go, blessings and speeches are prolific, the bride is painted with henna, locked in a room and lectured by her mother-in-law. When finally the pair meet in marriage and look at each other, the panic which both feel is conveyed with a delicate triumph. Here, as in the rest of the programme, the costumes are vigorous, yet very subtle in their theatrical effect; but they prove conclusively that The Sack is not suited to the male figure.

A. F.

Correspondence

THE CRIMINAL PSYCHOPATH

SIR,—The anonymous author of the article on criminal psychopaths was certainly too sweeping in some of his statements, but in condemning this, Professor Eysenck is himself so sweeping that his letter may do little good and some harm.

His letter begins with an internal inconsistency. First he points out that agreement on the diagnosis of psychopaths is so low that 'no responsible person' would act on it. Then he states that there is no proper evidence that treatment has any effect on psychopaths. We know what he means, of course, but since he is such a scientific purist, one is sorely tempted to ask how he knows about treatment if there is no agreement on diagnosis. But this is only a quibble. More serious is his statement that the Cambridge-Somerville Study was 'designed to test the efficacy of psychiatric treatment' on the prevention of criminality in juveniles. He goes on to comment that the treated group committed slightly more crimes than the untreated group and emphasises this conclusion with an exclamation mark. A damaging attack on psychiatric treatment. But the Cambridge-Somerville Study was not concerned with psychiatric treatment. It was concerned with 'counselling' young offenders, some counsellors using the technique of modern case-workers and others that of 'inspiration, practical help, and persuasion'. Because of this difference in methods, and the war interfering with the treatment programme, this uncompleted study has been the subject of serious criticism.

The real harm in Professor Eysenck's letter, however, is not so much that he himself has fallen into the errors he accuses others of, but that it may strengthen the forces of immobilism. The problem must be seen in perspective. Before you can test them, you must first have new ideas, and these 'modern fads' must be sufficiently pushed to have a chance, however small, of inclusion in a social or penal policy ultimately based on value judgments. It is only after the 'enthusiasts' have already embarked on their treatment schemes that we shall gratefully turn to Professor Eysenck to find out how effective they are.

HUGH J. KLARE
Secretary
The Howard League for Penal Reform

SIR,—May we comment briefly on Professor H. J. Eysenck's observations about *The Offenders*? In fairness to the case we try to present, we must point out that we do not claim to know a certain cure for criminal psychopaths; on the contrary, we say early in our book that 'too little is known about the cause of their condition, and still less about the cure for it'. What we try to establish is that:

1. The only rational approach to the problem of crime, if the rights of the individual and of society alike are properly considered, is the curative one.

2. One among several curative approaches to crime is psychotherapy, which is being increasingly used in various countries with what, in the opinion of a number of leading psychiatrists and criminologists, are encouraging results.

These propositions, among others, we have tried to state by telling the contrasted stories of what happened to three murderers and a young robber in three different countries of the world.

We wholeheartedly support Professor Eysenck's plea for properly set up long-term tests of the effects of psychotherapy and psychiatric treatment on criminal propensities. Whilst agreeing with him that uncritical enthusiasm can be a hindrance in this field, we feel that unduly pessimistic attitudes towards the curative approach to the criminal psychopath can be harmful too—particularly since *existing* ingrained habits of thinking in society are almost wholly negative towards attempts to do other than punish the 'atrocious criminal'.

GILES PLAYFAIR
DERRICK SINGTON
62 Holland Park, W11

NEW SCHOOL TIE

SIR,—Will you allow me to answer all your correspondents who wrote to comment on the article 'The New School Tie'? After reading the 40-odd letters, published and unpublished, I feel that my impression of the Modern Schools—the almost infinite variety in them—is confirmed.

The subject which seems to worry the largest single group of your correspondents is that of streaming, with its often unfortunate influence on the children from the junior school upwards. On streaming there are two questions: the educational and the social. The long and the short of this complicated subject is that we in England have taken a few steps towards social democracy, and those who are against streaming would like us to take several more. But it looks as if the country as a whole is not yet convinced that it wants to take the revolutionary plunge and to set up common schools for all, with age-groups of children divided in alphabetical and not academic order. On grounds of social democracy many of us would like to see all children go to the same local junior schools, and within the junior schools we would like the early segregation into the A group of potential grammar-school children to cease, by means of sets for different subjects, if only the staffing position was easier, and also by allowing the high-fliers to move on more quickly than the others.

We still think differentiation after the junior stage is advisable on educational grounds. It can either be worked within the inevitably large comprehensive schools, where sets are more workable than they are in smaller schools, or by the existence in the same area of grammar schools and of much improved modern schools.

As a preliminary to this achievement of the common junior school we would like to see the transfer to independent and to state secondary schooling take place at about the same age for all children so that there could be (so long as the independent schools survive) much more chance of pupils moving between the state and the independent streams. Then perhaps Labour Party and trade union leaders, directors and inspectors of education will be more willing to face sending their own less academic children to Modern schools.

Several of your correspondents express deep concern at the low quality of schooling given in the Modern schools. It is clear that, as a matter of urgency, we must improve them. Rate- and tax-payers will have to face the bill. It is a bill well worth facing and paying.

JUDITH HUBBACK
19 Wellgarth Road
NW11

THE HUMBUG STATE

SIR,—In your editorial, 'The Humbug State', you made last week an observation which I feel to be both true and important: 'The chief malaise of the Fifties . . . is a mealy-mouthed evasion of real controversy.' From this point of view particularly, Paul Johnson's superficially friendly, but essentially facetious notice of *Declaration* seems regrettable.

Without making great claims for this collection, it will surely at least be agreed that the contributors have put forward, in good faith, their opinions on a number of important, controversial issues. The opinions vary. The critic's job is to sort them out, interpret them, and evaluate them. To evade both their substance and their implications by concocting a review in the style of an 'amusing' contribution to a NEW STATESMAN competition is to be as unhelpful as the cruder 'humbugs' censured in your editorial.

Speaking of my own contribution, one of the problems I was concerned to raise was that of the need for an imaginative, idealistic rebirth of the Left. How can the radical spirit be rekindled? Can the Left prosper without it? Is it right, or inevitable, that the cultural atmosphere of the established Left should be snobby, undemocratic, essentially of the *status quo*? Should not there be some more evident relation between our politics and our art? These are questions which a NEW STATESMAN reviewer particularly should be prepared to take seriously and discuss. Instead, the whole problem was brushed off in the terms of an intellectual parlour-game—the 'Angry Young Man' gimmick of the popular press smartly dressed up for the egg-heads.

Finally: Mr Johnson sums up my work in the cinema with the jaunty comment, 'makes films about foot-and-mouth disease and slums'. I hope I won't be thought pompous if I say I find this glib, patronising—and implicitly philistine. As an indication of my feelings about the cinema (which I have tried to express in my contribution to the book), it is misleading. And as a statement of fact, it is wrong.

LINDSAY ANDERSON
57 Greencroft Gardens
NW6

SIR,—Reading last week's article I began to wonder whether you were not tilting at a windmill. 'The chief malaise of the Fifties . . . is a mealy-mouthed evasion of real controversy.' Is it really? I should have thought that outspokenness and iconoclasm were paying off pretty handsomely; one could make a good list of successful writers and broadcasters whose attacks on the Establishment have been anything but mealy-mouthed. Surely, taking a smack at the monarchy, the church, the BBC, the state of society has become almost modish—an activity that no progressive person can neglect. In a Light programme that has an audience of about eight million, I recently heard the Archbishop of Canterbury trounced for his opinions in terms that were anything but over-deferential; everybody was abusing him in a delightfully happy and uninhibited way.

Indeed, it seems to me that the targets for our iconoclasts have taken such a battering lately that there is not much left to hit. Too often one has the impression that the victim has positively to be supported in order that his keen young opponent can take another swing at him. Wham, crash, and down they go again—monarchy, BBC, church, government and all. Or, rather, down they would go, if only the

Gerald Freund
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CHATTO & WINDUS

iconoclasts had something to stick up in their places. Unhappily, of course, it is a good deal easier to deride institutions and policies than to replace them. Take the question of the H-bomb. Nothing is simpler than to show how inept and unimaginative is the government's handling of this grave problem. One, therefore, awaited with interest the Labour policy, hoping that from Brighton would come some wise and inspiring statement on the matter which all intelligent and peace-loving citizens could acclaim in unison. And what did we have? Some talk of not going naked to the council chamber, and little else—an unimpressive if not ridiculous mouse.

I think the fault is not in our mealy mouths but in our unconstructive and negative attitudes. We don't much like the look of the world, and somebody, we vaguely feel, ought to suffer for this. But to cry stinking fish at the Establishment is no longer enough. To be angry, rebellious, iconoclastic may indeed be a symptom of divine discontent as you, sir, suggest; one begins to fear that it may also be a cover for something much less admirable—aimlessness and despair.

N. C. HUNTER

Machynlleth
Montgomeryshire

THE REGENT'S PARK SCHOOL

SIR,—Humpty-Dumpty sat on the wall, and Mr Sylvester sits on his sophistication. I doubt, however, whether (finally) the King's horses will be of any more avail in the second case than in the first. By what conceivable right does Mr Sylvester quote the example of Darwin to defend the irrational nonsense surrounding the recent monkey art?

Obviously, no one is objecting to experiments being carried out to discover more about the visual sensations of chimpanzees, and if these experiments lead to our discovering more about the origins of human visual art—so much the better. Yet when Mr Sylvester compares the technique of a chimpanzee to that of the ageing Titian (this was, of course, a joke, but then, of course, everything is more or less a joke to those who sit on their sophistication), and when he says that this chimpanzee's paintings are 'as beautiful and as moving . . . as good abstract paintings by human beings'—we are concerned with something quite different: namely, a case of moral and intellectual helplessness.

A few weeks ago Mr Sylvester accused Mr Douglas Cooper of not recognising the fact that 'art is a mysterious affair'. Maybe it is, but the job of the critic is to lessen the mystery, not use it to justify his own sad disorientation from all reality.

I do not exaggerate. The subjectivity and self-doubts and despair of our lurching sophisticate culture can lead more easily than is imagined to an unevolutionary nihilism that finally rejects the human, not because it is detestable but because it is a bore.

It is worth while following the logic of the process. It begins with a kind of weary hedonism. Some paintings are better than others 'as clearly and indubitably better as champagne is a better drink than lemonade'. It leads to ennui. 'One of the reasons why so much painting done now is abstract is, I suppose, that painting subjects has become rather embarrassing.' And so conviction, no matter about what, becomes the criterion. 'The only thing that makes some abstract painting better, much better, than the rest is that it means something outside itself whose value is not determined by the kind of thing it is but only by the conviction it carries.'

Finally, the road is opened to the crankiest subjectivity and philosophic idealism. Giacometti's art is great because 'what this art does is to convey precisely why our sensations of reality cannot be conveyed precisely. This will seem an admission of weakness only to those who in the present state of human consciousness believe that the representation of reality in art is, though difficult, a straightforward affair open to all artists of good will'.

Leaving aside the sneer of the last line, I wonder how many people in the world 'in the present state of human consciousness' would agree, having looked at the chimpanzee paintings, that what is fundamental to æsthetic experience is neither order, harmony, thought, nor feeling—but a bogy face and a scratch, for that is what 'some sort of evocation of an image and some sort of trace of a gesture' really mean. And would Darwin be amongst them?

JOHN BERGER

Newland, Glos

PRINCES OF THE CHURCH

SIR,—Readers of your journal know (and hope) that they will often be stimulated into disagreement, but they have come to expect articles that are both accurate and informed. All the more pity, therefore, that Anthony Howard did not put his copy of Trollope back on the shelf before bursting into print in your issue of 5 October on 'Princes of the Church'.

He must have enjoyed collecting his largely irrelevant facts and figures. Does he really think that the average incumbent or layman cares twopence where his bishop was educated, or whether his previous experience was academic or parochial, so long as he is a good bishop? Working in a diocese whose bishop's fair-mindedness and intellectual integrity in matters both theological and social is almost the despair of his clergy, it is startling to say the least to read of him 'characteristically banishing the ten thousand difficulties that do not make a doubt'. Nor do he and his fellow bishops seem to take a noticeably 'safe' line on marriage and divorce, racial discrimination, living standards, or homosexuality. After all, any time-serving archbishop worth his salt these days would know that he had just to keep in step with the *Express* and *Mirror* on these things and let the rest go to pot.

No, sir, it was great fun reading all about it, but, seen from this working-class parish, it had a decidedly old-fashioned flavour—and one as unreal as the thought of men like Gore, Garbett and Henson as apostles of the great commandment not to offend.

You will understand that having done the shockingly 'safe' thing of defending my Fathers-in-God, I can hardly subscribe my name to this letter—lest, indeed, it get to the ears of the Patronage Secretary, and the clerical tailors descend to measure my limbs for gaiters. So, to stop the rot going any further, I simply sign myself

PARISH PRIEST

Bristol

WHO GOVERNS BRITAIN?

SIR,—As a member of the editorial board of *The Twentieth Century*, perhaps I might be allowed to disagree with Paul Johnson's comments on our special number, 'Who Governs Britain?'

Mr Johnson, without explaining what is in the number, says that it 'fails'. Yet he himself devotes most of his space to developing ideas which are essentially those of some of our contributors. How can the number have failed, if it has provided Mr. Johnson with the substance of his article?

He mentions only one of our contributors by name, but declares that they are amateurs with no knowledge of the machinery of government. On the contrary, they practically all have direct experience of the activities they deal with. That is why we asked them to contribute. It is true that Philip Toynbee and Anthony Hartley are literary critics, but they are also socially-minded observers with valid opinions. Would Mr Johnson himself claim to be anything more? As for the despised dons, there are only five of them, and of those five, two are specialists in the kind of committee civilisation they are talking about, two have spent their lives in the Labour movement and the last is a barrister and chairman of Quarter Sessions.

It is curious that Mr Johnson should be so inaccurate and off-hand about a number which he must have read, for the most part, with approval.

J. G. WEIGHTMAN

The Twentieth Century
1 Orsett Terrace
W2

CROSSBOW

SIR,—My temporary absence in this stronghold of Socialism has kept from me until today Nicholas's comments on our new *Crossbow*.

The Bow Group chose the name for many reasons: plainly, since this band of post-war Tories started work in Bow and Bromley, that fact deserved to be reflected in the name of our paper. We were not impressed by the frivolity of *Bow-peep* (a political equivalent of *Confidential?*) nor the portentous simplicity of *Bow*. The alternative weapons, *Crossbow* and *Longbow*, eventually attracted us. With a growing reputation for objective accuracy in research we could hardly start now to 'draw the longbow'. *Crossbow* is usefully suggestive of the cross-benches—and therefore of our own complete independence.

In a purely military sense the crossbow was not in all respects superior to the longbow—but it was effective against a diversity of enemies, from the 10th until at least the 17th century. The fact that its operation involves a band of warriors rather than an individual suggests our own preference for collective research; its capacity for sighting from eye-level betokens our own concern for accuracy, its power of penetration our own ambition, its deliberate rate of fire—surely, sir, you must understand if our attempts to mobilise the intellectuals of the right respects the patience of Fabius Cunctator?

GEOFFREY HOWE

81 Pentyla
Aberavon

NAMIER INC.

SIR,—Permit me a factual correction to Mr Raymond's skit 'Namier Inc.': my ancestry includes no 'Polish nobles'; I am of purely Jewish descent.

L. B. NAMIER

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BOOKS IN GENERAL

Where the Master Stands

THROUGHOUT his long career as a novelist Henry James was active as a critic of the novel, producing some thirty essays and two hundred and fifty reviews. But his effective range was narrow, so that Mr Edel has found it possible to bring a sufficiently representative selection within the compass of a single volume*. James's sense of the past did not notably extend to literature. It was the modern novel, he declared roundly, that appeared to him 'the most magnificent form of art'. And it was the modern French novelists who were, together with Turgenev, of incomparably the greatest interest; they had ridden their horses harder than the Anglo-Saxons and were at a different stage of the journey; if Balzac wasn't unchallengeably the novelists' novelist then Flaubert was. James, although talking to us so urbanely in these pages, mingling for our pleasure so much grace with his high intelligence, is going all out to reach the heart of his own mystery. His studies are seldom conducted at any great remove from his waiting easel and canvas; what the masters have made, they have made that James may more clearly see what *he* is making; constantly he has this much design upon them. One may be assisted in seeing what he is after by recalling an odd remark of Hardy's:

> If novelists were a little less in the dark about the appearance of their own works, what productions they might bring forth! But they are much in the position of the man inside the hobbyhorse at a Christmas masque, and have no consciousness of the absurdity of its trot, at times, in the spectator's eyes.

James is eminently the novelist who is determined to escape from the hobbyhorse, and it is his great contemporaries who are to help him.

Yet this contiguity of the critic's closet to the artist's studio (which has been so highly commended in Dryden and others) seems sometimes to impair James's perceptions. His taste is far from catholic, and he is unreliable on anything that isn't appreciably grist to his own mill. Jane Austen he finds 'instinctive and charming' but likely to leave us as little curious about the experience that fed her 'light felicity' as does 'the brown thrush who tells his story from the garden bough'. The acclaim of the Brontës represents 'the high-water mark of sentimental judgment'. As for poor Hardy (still inside his hobbyhorse), James declares that he is a clever man, who writes extremely clever imitations of George Eliot, and who has a capacity for going astray so cleverly that his superficial *Far from the Madding Crowd* is 'a really curious imitation of something better'. Hardy has indeed an 'inexhaustible faculty for spinning smart dialogue' and is 'evidently very much at home among rural phenomena'. But he is banished with a little joke which might be offered us by George Moore. 'The only things we believe in are the sheep and the dogs.'

All this is unimportant. It tells us merely that James was incapable of giving serious attention to those who could contribute no hint to his art; it lends credit to the story of his having claimed that he had at least 'trifled with the exordia' before dismissing *Sons and Lovers*. We must turn to another kind of unsatisfactoriness in his criticism in order to find matter of real significance. From start to finish his discussion of fiction skirts a problem which he never succeeds in resolving or even in bringing quite candidly before himself. It is the problem of art and morality, and perhaps the best approach to his concern with it is by way of his first substantial novel. Roderick Hudson is a young sculptor of genius, picked up from his native Massachusetts and brought to Rome by the wealthy and cultivated Rowland Mallet; and the book's theme is the incompleteness of each of these men. Mallet feels that he is himself something of an artist, but without the faculty of expression. This Hudson abundantly has, but he in turn fatally lacks Mallet's refinement of moral perception. It is Mallet who discovers in Mary Garland, Hudson's plain and provincial *fiancée*, a great beauty of the spirit, while Hudson callously borrows her money to pursue the Europeanised Christina Light, whose appeal is supremely to the æsthetic sense. The two women have plainly a representative and almost symbolical function; they are like two mistresses between whom James must waver. Each has descendants in his later fiction. Equally, each may be regarded as a contending goddess hovering above the long battle constituted by James's critical prose. James's intellect and æsthetic imagination are with Balzac and Flaubert, even with Zola and de Maupassant. But Matthew and Waldo, after all, have been the guardians of his faith from the beginning, and in his heart he is often murmuring: 'What a set!'

James admired the French, in the first place, for their high command of the illusion of life, of the air of reality which is the supreme virtue of the novel. The novelist's true standing is precisely the historian's, and the only justification for the existence of his work is that it does attempt to represent life:

> And if we are pressed a step farther backward, and asked why the representation should be required when the object represented is itself mostly so accessible, the answer to that appears to be that man combines with his eternal desire for more experience an infinite cunning as to getting his experience as cheaply as possible . . .

Suave, mari magno. . . . James, surveying the sea of fiction from the firm ground of this strong, simple theory, knows what he must intensely admire. Balzac, as no man before him, gave the novel the tone of history; attained breadth, closeness, weight, irrefrangible truth. And Flaubert's is a realism yet more triumphantly achieved; *Madame Bovary*, 'the small sordid sunny dusty village picture', is 'the most *told*' of all anecdotes, supremely a classic because supremely '*done*'.

But then comes the doubt. Emma Bovary's is indeed a representative character. But representative of what? In a deep sense, James discerns, of Flaubert's intimate self. So that if we are driven obscurely to acknowledge that Emma is 'really too small an affair', that there is something inadequate in her 'capacity of consciousness', are we not equally driven to acknowledge a large relevant inadequacy in Flaubert himself, to see finally his 'comparatively meagre human consciousness . . . struggling with the absolutely large artistic'? Do we not presently find ourselves concluding that 'the really furnished, the finely civilised' is beyond Flaubert's reach, and that in his finest work there is 'a kind of leak . . . by which its moral dignity escapes'? Perhaps, after all, there is a good deal to be said for Trollope. It is easy to make fun of him: to suppose it his meritorious connection with the Post Office that induced his fondness 'for transcribing the letters of his lovelorn maidens and other embarrassed persons', or to point out how he 'settled down steadily to the English girl'. But Trollope 'had a great taste for the moral question; he evidently believed that this is the basis of the interest of fiction'. Although his world is so largely comfortable he is not one of those who are afraid of misery; he has indeed what James elsewhere describes as the essence of moral energy: the impulse to survey the whole field. And in this he is typical of the English novelists, who have always known their way about the conscience. Because of this Trollope manages to tell us, on the whole, more about life than the French naturalists do.

So there it is – and we now know where James stands rather better than he himself ever agrees to know. Believing himself a tremendous realist, comically dismayed at a hint that the world of *The Golden Bowl* is not a wholly down-to-earth affair, James, almost despite himself, is the great apologist not merely of an edifying but of an ideal, a classical art. It is not idly that he speaks of himself in *A Small Boy and Others* as one destined to be thrown into the arms of Matthew Arnold. The *subject* of a novel matters 'in the highest degree'; *what* a novel is true to is as relevant as the *degree* of its truth; a novel will have neither magnitude nor interest unless it partakes of the ideal and the heroic, has as its protagonist one rather better than ourselves. Throughout his critical essays these simple Aristotelian criteria are a good deal muffled up, but how unmistakably they assert themselves in James's greatest work! Mr Morris Roberts (whose *Art of Fiction*, published in America in 1948, is a collection of James's writings on the novel somewhat similar to Mr Edel's) judges that it might be 'simpler on the whole to admit moral criteria openly, to condemn your author's subject-matter while admiring his art, and not be at such infinite pains to conceal what you are doing'. This is no doubt a fair conclusion. But it perhaps neglects the large humility underlying James's habitually magistral air. A true artist, he reverenced the resources of art, and found them first fully explored by his great continental near-contemporaries. It is unobtrusively – it is almost *clam Jacobum* – that, passing beyond all the fascination and all the awe, James finally turns down an uncompromising New England thumb.

J. I. M. STEWART

* *The House of Fiction: Essays on the Novel by Henry James*. Edited by LEON EDEL. *Hart-Davis*. 25s.

Soldier, Sailor

I

Time's a thief; and terror comes
By mouthfuls, with a roar,
Or drums; until a bleat
Of musketry

Makes Grief go hooded down the street
While Hunger pulls her shawl.
The soldier: did he shiver
When he gained,

Then spilled, the tumbling wall of fortress
Tiryns—(only magpies,
Now, and milk-veined thistles
Feel its heart)—

Or wrenched Jerusalem apart?
He'll cackle in the pub, tell
Lies, and rub a stiffness
Of the knees;

His children play at marbles, or they
Sing: 'We won't surrender,
We won't surrender, you king
Of the Barbarees.'

II

In a dream of dolphin calm,
He can feel creatures gleam
And maul, deep under bow
And keel, and crabs

Slide to the turn and fall of tide,
Where caves weep, and rocks
Burn, and oceans glint
Like silverfoil.

Now for the dogwatch mandolin,
With tunes of sunset, home
And tears: the sailor's debt
To all his dears

Before the strong shuddering lurch and foam
Through which his vessel raves
And slats; till hawsers pull
At quays that hint

Complexity, flaw, unease,
In a black wind along wharfs
Where stocks of goods spoil
And rats gnaw.

SHEILA WINGFIELD

Marlborough House

XII: London Sonnets

Her life, picked out in gold, with black for accent,
Displayed its splendour on the palace wall.
The veined but milky marble hung behind her;
The pillars stood erect and ceremonial

Though her bright eye, aslant, could see them
Shiver. For in the solid-seeming universe
The particles spun round in wild disorder:
Stone was not stone; it was a flux, or worse.

But her own attitudes were rigid, her
Features firmly profiled off. Her very scenes
Stayed still – in one she stared-down old
Lucretius, poor Roman lost among Hellenes,

Seeming to make him melt as she had melted
stone.
That was the show. In truth she died of
cancer of the bone.

CARL BODE

Little Wotting at Little Gidding

Religion and the Rebel. By COLIN WILSON. *Gollancz.* 21*s.*

Reading Colin Wilson is a highly embarrassing affair. There are the jokes – 'I also knew most of T. S. Eliot's poetry by heart now, but it had no notable influence on my style' – which turn out not to have been jokes at all. There are the inconsistencies, the non-sequiturs, the wild thrashings-about with words, which embarrass because they seem to reflect an underprivileged education, which we feel it would be caddish for the privileged to fault (this may have accounted for some of the welcome given to his first book). And with *The Outsider* one had the embarrasing suspicion that he was, after all, trying with his blunt instruments to do something that our trained precision-thinkers had deliberately turned away from: to ask such questions as, What do we live by? What is Life about? 'It's a mystery, see,' says Angus Wilson's Kennie; 'and everyone's a sucker for a mystery'.

Now that we have *Religion and the Rebel* it is difficult to see that anyone can be a sucker any longer for Mr Wilson's kind of mystery. Again he whirls us off on a lightning tour of Great Outsiders, laying such clumsy paws on them that we have to keep reminding ourselves that it's not Rimbaud's or Rilke's fault that they feature in Mr Wilson's circus. There is no coherent argument, only a machine-gun rattle of explosive assertions. When his first book appeared it was possible to hold that this Outsider concept of Mr Wilson's had its uses in offering a fresh viewpoint on experience, just as, in their day, did the concepts of Natural Man or Economic Man. The danger with all these lay figures starts when the word that was useful enough to label a certain type of experience begins to be treated as something real in itself; and in *Religion and the Rebel* Mr Wilson, like a medieval theologian with his entities and universals, has become the prisoner of his word-spinning and the dupe of his image-building. Sometimes he writes as if Outsiderishness were a sort of essence that had always been floating in the air (no wonder that modern Ockham, Professor Ayer, has made mincemeat of him); sometimes as if Outsiders were an organised body, like the Methodists: 'When the eighteenth century had thoroughly established the ideas of rationalism, the Outsiders began the existentialist revolt'. Wittgenstein is said to have 'become completely an Outsider' as if he'd become a Freemason or a Fellow of Trinity; Shaw 'said a last word on the Outsider question'; and, in retiring to Little Gidding, Nicholas Ferrar had 'chosen one way out of the Outsider's dilemma'. This impression that all his press-ganged crew, from Jacob Boehme to Scott Fitzgerald, were only playing parts in a drama that was later to be thought up by Colin Wilson, is grotesque enough; but when we try to find what the drama is actually about, there is only discord and echo, and voices saying Boum.

The Outsider is a man whose passion for observation and experiment does not stop, but for whom the world as most men see it is a lie and a deception. Outsiders are symptoms of a dying culture; but when society has been healthy, they have been its spiritual leaders. The Outsider is a stranger in society; but he is only the ordinary man raised to an unusual level of perception. The word, stretched to cover such various definitions, becomes nothing but an emotional noise, and by the time the Outsider has become a man who is uncomfortable in the world, then it is high time to chuck the metaphor on the scrapheap and start thinking.

But that wouldn't suit Mr Wilson at all. Thinking would involve such things as looking at all the places where his exemplars differ from each other; less gouging out of gobbets regardless of their context and clapping his own interpretations on them; more taking account of acts and words that do *not* fit into the Outsider pattern. It would involve, in fact, allowing his plundered victims to exist in their own right, and not as extensions of his own extravagant ego. For the alarming thing is that for him other people hardly exist. He annexes his saints and geniuses to himself as an adolescent copies chunks into his journal and feels the writer's virtue has become his own. But whatever Mr Wilson got from his discoveries, all he succeeds in communicating is his own heady intoxication. Yet after reading his first autobiographical chapter, one doubts his really wanting to communicate with anyone at all. It is an enlightening document. No one counts but Colin Wilson; none of the other characters – family, friends, enemies, mistress, wife – for a minute comes to life. All he seems to ask of other people is that they shall add in some way to the image of himself.

We may be in a poor way spiritually, but not so poor that we can only afford Colin Wilson as our prophet. And as a portent? John Osborne, his rival in the attention of the popular press, may be equally weak in logical reasoning, equally dependent on feeling, but he knows that other people exist. And if, for symbols of our malaise and muddle it is to them we must look, rather than the Outsider let's have Jimmy Porter every time.

JANET ADAM SMITH

Voltaire and Emilie

Voltaire in Love. By NANCY MITFORD. *Hamish Hamilton.* 21*s.*

Miss Mitford's *Madame de Pompadour*, her first excursion into eighteenth-century French history, was a well-documented but rather whimsical attempt to present the former Mlle Poisson and her dull royal lover as a maligned and entirely charming couple. The book was conceived as a sort of pastel and a tenderly exotic atmosphere was breathed into it by the ancient device of translating French idioms literally. Miss Mitford's admirers will be glad to find that the new book is more astringent. None of the characters are romanticised and such mistranslations as occur (e.g. 'haggard eyes' for *yeux hagards*) seem to be the result of genuine ignorance. Above all, the protagonists, Voltaire and Mme du Châtelet, are infinitely more vital and peculiar, far more naturally Mitfordish, than the sex-logged Bien Aimé and his elegant, uninteresting mistress.

But the title is slightly meretricious. This is not an account of Voltaire's various love affairs nor an analysis of his behaviour as a lover. It is a sprightly retelling, based on Voltaire's correspondence, of the oft-told tale of his association with Mme du Châtelet. Miss Mitford has charmed Mr Theodore Besterman, now at work on the new edition of Voltaire's letters, into letting her see and use some unpublished documents. (On the face of it, this appears as remarkable a feat as Mme du Châtelet's success in persuading King Stanislas to let her have her confinement in the late Queen of Poland's state apartments.) She is thus able to declare with certainty that Voltaire had transferred his physical affections to his niece, Mme Denis, before Mme du Châtelet's

Autumn & Winter List

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WINGATE

death. As far as I can tell, this is the only new element in the book, apart from the incidental suggestion that Voltaire may have had homosexual inclinations. For the rest, Miss Mitford follows the usual authorities. Her handling of detail is perhaps not always impeccable. She says, for instance, that Saint Lambert, the rather reluctant cause of the confinement which ended in Mme du Châtelet's death, later 'seduced Mme d'Houdetot away' from Rousseau. This suggests that Miss Mitford does not know the Rousseau story, because it was he who tried to do the seducing. If Miss Mitford can bear to read that long-winded, paranoiac, snobbish yet definitely non-U genius, perhaps she could now turn her attention to him. It would be great fun to have one light-hearted book about Rousseau.

With Voltaire and Gabrielle-Emilie, she is of course in her element. One might say that in their passionate eccentricity they even go beyond her preconceptions and leave her rather winded. Instead of allowing Miss Mitford to tell their story in a controlled, ironic manner, they seem to take over and rush her along from town to town, house to house, quarrel to quarrel. Miss Mitford revels in the famous episodes – the tug-of-war between Frederick the Great and Emilie for the 'possession' of Voltaire; Voltaire, Saint Lambert and Emilie hatching the plot to make her husband think he was the father of her expected child; Voltaire and Emilie frolicking with Louis XV's father-in-law while out of favour with the King himself, and so on. The more lovers any one person can be found to have had at the same time, the better Miss Mitford is pleased. The more astounding the quirks of temperament, the greater her satisfaction. This is a good eighteenth-century way of dealing with the eighteenth century. One's only disappointment is that the book is not 'written', like E. M. Forster's essay on Voltaire, for example, or Loménie's wonderful *Beaumarchais et la société de son temps* or the superb apocryphal memoirs of Mme de Créquy. Sometimes – for instance in the account of the baby's birth – Miss Mitford just translates straight from Voltaire's letters, jokes and all, without giving him the benefit of inverted commas, which is either rather wicked or an admission of defeat.

In the last resort, Voltaire is not the hero of the book. Perhaps Miss Mitford does not quite appreciate his greatness as an archetype, because it requires some disengaging from the froth of his life. Mme du Châtelet is the heroine. The real nature of the link between them still remains mysterious (*'On ne comprend jamais rien aux histoires des autres'*), but the strangeness of Gabrielle-Emilie emerges very clearly. The most remarkable female intelligence of her time, translating Newton throughout an unwanted and painful pregnancy, hysterical, pushing, amorous, greedy, dripping with diamonds, shameless, she rampages through one's memory, a ridiculous and impressive figure.

J. G. WEIGHTMAN

Personality

Golden Sections. By MICHAEL AYRTON. *Methuen.* 25*s.*

The literary flavour of Mr. Ayrton, like the artistic flavour of that rather remarkable man, is a strong one. Readers who have developed a taste for it will find full measure in this collection of his essays. To them this book will require no further recommendation. It is in truth not easy to imagine whom else the book is directed to. The subjects, ranging from Giovanni Pisano to Wyndham Lewis, are miscellaneous, and variously treated. They seem best justified, not when the results are smoothest or most didactic, but when they best reflect something else, something that has not much connection with any of them. In Mr Ayrton's debate with himself about Picasso it is not the old master who occupies the centre of the stage: however interested one is in the subject, one's opinion of the essays must depend on how much one enjoys the unusual blend of self-exposition and self-betrayal characteristic of Mr Ayrton himself.

The essentially personal force of all modern art, and thus perhaps of art-criticism, is not in doubt, but it is, however short a step, for many a difficult one, from accepting this to welcoming as cordially the kind of artist or critic whose most memorable work is in fact his own personality. Probably those who jib at this step are in the wrong. The bright colours of personality are in fact not much more fugitive or less entertaining than some of the respected achievements of drabber arts. Those who are justified by faith, an unquenchable faith in themselves, rather than by works, are justified hardly the less. Artists in this special field, who have no more important page or canvas than that hirsutely framed upon two legs, require much of their medium, the world. They are lucky if they find a half of the channels of communication they could use: they are hardly ever likely to meet worthy Boswells. Lacking them, they are under the necessity, in fairness to themselves, of collecting their own brilliant dicta into books.

LAWRENCE GOWING

Peter Owen have published a new, revised edition of Professor Allen Leepa's *Challenge of Modern Art* (50s.).

Togetherness

The Organisation Man. By WILLIAM H. WHYTE. *Cape.* 25*s.*

Lionel Trilling has suggested that sociology is in process of taking over from fiction one of its 'most characteristic functions, the investigation and criticism of morals and manners', and instances David Riesman's remarkable book *The Lonely Crowd*, which, as he rightly remarks, is written 'with a sense of social actuality which Scott Fitzgerald might have envied'. Had it been published when he was writing, Professor Trilling might equally well have cited *The Organisation Man*. Mr Whyte, who is Assistant Managing Editor of *Fortune*, has continued and carried further Riesman's inquiry into the relatively new attitudes and assumptions, still scarcely admitted to consciousness, that shape the values of contemporary urban American man. Riesman was attacked by sociologists in America on the grounds of the essential subjectivity of his book: his conclusions, it was claimed, were of a kind that could not be supported by statistical evidence. Well, here is Mr Whyte with what in effect is a 200,000-word footnote to *The Lonely Crowd*, a footnote packed with the most fascinating detail and a commanding array of evidence.

True, Mr Whyte doesn't follow Professor Riesman's terminology. Riesman maintains that in the United States – and he would imply all other comparably industrialised countries – what he calls 'inner-directed man', the man moved by the desire for personal achievement, has been displaced by 'other-directed man', the man for whom success in life, at any stage of life, consists in his having secured the approval of the group to which he belongs; as the slogan of *McCall's Magazine* says, 'Today – togetherness inspires the decision'. Instead of 'inner-directed' and 'other-directed', Mr Whyte uses the words 'Protestant Ethic' and 'Social Ethic' respectively, but they mean the same. As for the Social Ethic, he is against it.

The typical adherent to the Social Ethic is the Organisation Man. The term is vague, as Mr Whyte admits:

> They are not the workers, nor are they the white-collar people in the usual, clerk sense of the word. These people only work for The Organisation. The ones I am talking about *belong* to it as well. They are the ones of our middle class who have left home, spiritually as well as physically, to take the vows of organisation life, and it is they who are the mind and soul of our great self-perpetuating institutions. . . .
>
> The Corporation man is the most conspicuous example, but he is only one, for the collectivisation so visible in the corporation has affected almost every field of work. Blood brother to the business trainee off to join Du Pont is the seminary student who will end up in the church hierarchy, the doctor headed for the corporate clinic, the physics Ph.D. in a government laboratory, the intellectual on the foundation-sponsored team project, the engineering graduate in the huge drafting room at Lockheed, the young apprentice in a Wall Street law factory.

They are managers, at all levels, the point being that a manager can manage anything, since his speciality is human relationships. They are, Mr Whyte says, 'the dominant members of our society'. They have substituted co-operation for competition; but at what cost? That is what Mr Whyte is investigating. The answer is not simply conformity. Mr Whyte regards the basis of the Social Ethic as a sense of moral imperative: the full horror is apparent when he says that even intelligent young Organisation Men 'tend to equate the lone individual with psychic disorder'.

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STAPLES

To be an introvert, to fail in a sense of 'belongingness', is in itself to be immoral: better get your brains washed, or else. . . .

Mr Whyte shows how the Social Ethic came into being – it was in part reaction against the patent unreality of the doctrine of Rugged Individualism and the whole Log-Cabin-White-House myth. He shows, too, how the new creed has come to perpetuate itself: it is the official gospel of the schools of business administration in the universities. Of the 183,602 men who graduated from American colleges and universities in 1955, 19 per cent. did so in business and commerce, more than all the men in the basic sciences and the liberal arts put together. He shows how the training programmes of the large organisations foster the gospel, and how the personality and aptitude tests taken by graduate students in industry are slanted so as to keep out the introvert, the 'screwball', the nonconformist however brilliant, for it is not brilliance that is sought but the ability to mix easily, to get on well with 'people'. (In an appendix, Mr Whyte teaches the reader how to beat the psychologists in personality tests. Before answering any question you must repeat to yourself:

(a) I loved my father and my mother, but my father a little bit more.
(b) I like things pretty well the way they are.
(c) I never worry much about anything.
(d) I don't care for books or music much.
(e) I love my wife and children.
(f) I don't let them get in the way of company work.

In a first-rate piece of literary criticism, Mr Whyte exposes the way in which popular fiction reflects the new ethic – *The Caine Mutiny*, for example, with its lesson that it is not for the individual to question the system: 'The "smart" people who question things, who upset people – they are the wrong ones'. Then, in what is probably the most important section of the book, Mr Whyte discusses the effect the Social Ethic is having on American science. It will, he concludes, be disastrous, for 'in the outstanding scientist we have the almost direct antithesis to the company-orientated man'. There is, in other words, a smaller and smaller place for the outstanding scientist in American industry.

Mr Whyte ends his book with a long and exceedingly well-documented account of life in the new Chicago suburb of Park Forest, which he takes as the type of suburbia in which the Organisation Man increasingly lives. Park Forest is a wholly post-war town of 30,000 people, most of whom are young members of the managerial class. It is completely democratic, largely run by the inhabitants themselves. It is probably as near Utopia as anywhere on earth, and it is terrifying, for Big Brother looms over it all; not Orwell's, but the Group itself. It is in Park Forest that the lone individual is equated with psychic disorder.

Mr Whyte believes that the social ethic is no resolution of the problem that lies beneath it. It is the old problem of the one and the many. They will always be in opposition, and for Mr Whyte the social ethic of the organisation man is a tyranny of the majority and the fulfilment of Tocqueville's prophecy about America. The one hope, it seems, is in a sort of fifth column of secret introverts within the organisations themselves.

WALTER ALLEN

Two new additions to the International Library of Sociology and Social Reconstruction are Gertrude Williams's *Recruitment to Skilled Trades* and Madeline Rooff's *Voluntary Societies and Social Policy* (Routledge, 23s. and 35s.).

Forger of Victory

The Leader of the Few. Air Chief Marshal Dowding. By BASIL COLLIER. *Jarrolds*. 25*s*.

One quality which might have been expected in the man who led Fighter Command during the Battle of Britain was jubilance. Lord Dowding had none. His manner was grave and remote. 'Stuffy' was his nick-name, and his biographer speaks of his 'disconcerting prickliness'. In weighing up the charge that he was treated by the Air Council with surprising ingratitude, one must at least credit them with having placed and retained him in his supremely responsible job in spite of his known incapacity to get on with other people. It is not always true that it is more fatal for a rebel to be right than wrong. Dowding was not retired in October 1940 because he succeeded, still less because he failed, but because he had by then reached a level of seniority where only one post was open to him, Chief of the Air Staff, to which prickliness was an ultimate barrier. There is much to be said for Mr Collier's complaint that Dowding was not promoted Marshal of the Royal Air Force. But, after Trenchard, he was the second RAF officer to be made a peer; and the tributes paid to him by Churchill, and in every other book which has since been written about the first year of the war, have established him without question as the first commander to win in the air a victory on the scale of the great historic victories on land and sea.

His reputation was slow in growing because credit was diverted to his pilots as it never has been to individual sailors or front-line soldiers, and because the public were for long unaware how great a victory had in fact been won. The Luft-

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HART-DAVIS

waffe were not defeated in the conventional sense, for the Battle of Britain was followed immediately by the Blitz, and the final proof that the invasion was abandoned because Goering had failed to achieve air-superiority over the Channel, did not come till after the war. There was a third reason. Dowding's greatest achievement was in forging the weapon, and in reserving it for the supreme crisis, not in wielding it. The operational command during the actual battle was naturally delegated to the Groups. Hence his main work, being secret at the time, was for long unrecognised. His contribution to victory must now be measured by what he did long before the Battle started, when he was in charge of research at the Air Ministry from 1930 to 1936, and after he took over the newly created Fighter Command in the latter year.

'But for Dowding,' says Mr Collier, 'there would have been no Hurricane, no Spitfire, no radar chain, no escape for the RAF from the fate that had overwhelmed its counterparts in European countries, no avoidance of irremediable disaster.' This is putting it a bit too high. Radar was the product of the initiative of H. E. Wimperis, Dowding's Director of Research, the scientific skill of Watson-Watt, and the energy of the Tizard Committee. The Spitfire and Hurricane were not originally designed as fighter aircraft, and their special effectiveness was due to the subsequent mounting of eight machine-guns in the wings, for which Dowding would never claim credit. On the other hand, he was directly responsible for insisting that high speeds could only be achieved by monoplanes, for the change from wood to metal construction, for bullet-proof windscreens, and for all-weather runways. But a commander's achievement cannot be measured by his personal inventiveness nor even by the degree of opposition to his ideas which he had to overcome. It should be measured by the total result produced during his term of command, and by this test Dowding's record is unchallengeable.

Mr Collier's third claim on Dowding's behalf, that only his insistence saved the RAF from being drawn in and wasted in the Battle of France, needs closer examination. It is perfectly true that he stated his view with immense determination when he appeared before the Cabinet on 15 May, 1940, and in his famous Memorandum of the next day (now hanging framed at Cranwell) in which he argued that the draining away of Fighter Command to France 'will involve the final, complete and irremediable defeat of this country'. It was a bold thing to say at a moment when even the remote possibility of defeat was unmentionable, and not only our Allies, but our own Field and Air Commanders in France, were crying out for help. But it was easier for Dowding to say it than for Churchill to agree. After all, Dowding was speaking for one single arm, his own, and he did not have to face Gort or Reynaud with a refusal. Moreover, his protest was not wholly effective. Churchill misunderstood him to the extent of telling the French Government that 25 Squadrons was the minimum necessary for the defence of Great Britain (Dowding's figure was 52), and promising them ten more squadrons immediately. Later the promise was partially withdrawn, but Fighter Command continued to intervene in the Battle of France from home bases and were heavily and unexpectedly engaged at Dunkirk. In May and June we lost 477 fighters in these operations. Was Dowding then proved wrong by the fact that we continued to intervene in France against his advice that once the minimum level had been reached 'not one fighter should be sent over the Channel, however urgent and insistent the appeals for help may be', and yet we were still able to defeat the Luftwaffe at home two months later? We had two strokes of good fortune: the six weeks' interval between Dunkirk and the opening of the Battle of Britain; and the appointment of Beaverbrook to take charge of aircraft production. If Dowding's advice to the Cabinet had not been so uncompromisingly prickly, our loss of fighters in France would certainly have been greater than it was. But, in retrospect, it seems that the Cabinet were right not to swallow his advice whole. The Army would never have forgiven the RAF. In any case, in fighting the Germans above Dunkirk, the RAF were staging the first round of the Battle of Britain itself. In the same two months, the Luftwaffe lost 1,284 aircraft.

Mr Collier was obviously under some constraint in writing an authorised biography. In an unusually frank Preface, Lord Dowding says, 'When I saw the first draft of Mr Collier's book I accused him of "leaning over backwards" to support the views taken from time to time by the Authorities: his judgments in the final version are, I think, more nearly perpendicular'. But the book is far from mere censored hagiography. It is fair to both sides of Lord Dowding's innumerable controversies, painstaking in its research into his early life in India and the RFC, and tactful in dealing with his immersion in spiritualism after his retirement. It will be yet one more form of compensation for the lack of adequate recognition of Lord Dowding's extraordinary service to his country.

NIGEL NICOLSON

New Novels

The Secret. By ALBA DE CESPEDES. *Harvill*. 15*s*.
Cousin Harriet. By SUSAN TWEEDSMUIR. *Duckworth*. 12*s*. 6*d*.
Those Without Shadows. By FRANÇOISE SAGAN. *Murray*. 9*s*. 6*d*.
Love Story. By LOUISE DE VILMORIN. *Collins*. 10*s*. 6*d*.
The Game. By MICHAEL HASTINGS. *W. H. Allen*. 12*s*. 6*d*.
Aubade. By KENNETH MARTIN. *Chapman & Hall*. 10*s*. 6*d*.

Since it is axiomatic that you can't write a realistic novel in an artificial form, it is surprising that people still try to do so. Alba de Cespedes, who knows a good deal about people and usually manages to say something about them that sounds new, even if it isn't, hampers herself by telling her story, about the breaking-out of a wife who has become simply a Mum, in diary-form: though she has been clever enough to try to legitimise the trick by making the fact of diary-keeping the crux of the tale. Till Valeria bought her little black book, she never realised what a bore her life was, how many secrets she wanted to keep, or how many were being kept from her. The diary itself grew into a kind of solitary vice, to be huddled away, to be blushed at, to make the heart go bumping down in the lift at the thought of discovery.

It is one of those good ideas that should have been ruled out. The private diary is the most egocentric and self-indulgent type of human record. In private, we can usually look without too much consternation at the more maundering side of ourselves; we don't have to pretend, to ourselves, so much of that compassion for others which we usually express or infer in the decencies of social intercourse. If this story of generations at cross-purposes had been seen through the eyes of the heroine rather than by the peculiar

private eye of the diary, it would have had far more pungency and conviction. *The Secret* is translated unaffectedly and well by Isabel Quigly.

Lady Tweedsmuir also uses a diary, with the addition of letters, to tell the story of *Cousin Harriet*: but since her novel is frankly Victorian *pastiche*, designed to be read snugly and happily by people who don't feel that Jane Austen, or perhaps Mrs Henry Wood, wrote half enough, the device doesn't matter. Lady Harriet Waveney lives quietly, richly and rather deadlily, with Papa in a great country house. She is getting to the stage when she should hurry up about getting married, but her chances are few, and she is in danger of becoming a bit frumpish and a bit of a blue-nose. Things wake up for her when her dreary cousin Charlotte saddles her with the news that she is expecting an illegitimate child, and looks supinely to Harriet to take some action in the matter. Lady Tweedsmuir's feeling for period is sensitive, and she never lays period detail on too thick. Up to a point, her book is most engaging. But then, having assumed a good many Victorian virtues, she falls into two bad Victorian faults, with the intrusion of one walloping coincidence and one incredible last-minute intervention – by Charlotte, of all people, the keynote of whose character is that she could scarcely intervene so much as to put out a spark on the hearthrug.

Françoise Sagan's writing had an air of 'finish' from the word go. *Bonjour Tristesse* was very accomplished technically; and it twitched a contemporary nerve in France much as Scott Fitzgerald's first book twitched one in America nearly forty years ago. Yet I felt at the time that it would be unwise to go overboard about Mlle Sagan till one heard what else she might have to say. *A Certain Smile* seemed to me to make caution even more desirable, since her overriding theme was beginning to emerge more clearly. In *Those Without Shadows* it is right out in the open. She writes about emotional greed and passes it off as love.

This is a grab story, of A and B and C in love with D, B in love with A, and D in love with herself. The characters are blurry round the edges and the whole book, brief as it is, lacks form. The touch of the portentous, from which Mlle Sagan has never been entirely free, is deepening; she has an odd trick of stepping back and splashing some generality at her ruttish noodles as from a great, sighing age of experience. It makes the novel look silly, which it is: and the writer look silly, which she is very far from being. But she could do with some time off, in which to think about people harder, and to consider how she can deploy her natural gifts to far greater advantage. She can save herself from becoming the Clara Bow of literature, if she looks sharp about it.

Madame Louise de Vilmorin continues to apply the art of *haute couture* to cheesecloth. *Love Story* is about two greedy women, one married, one a widow, who set to work to seduce an almost insufferably pure-souled young man from his *princesse lointaine*. Neither Mme Valle-Didier nor Mme Lejeand is fat: yet they remind me irresistibly of Mr Maugham's Fat Women of Antibes; they are as devoted to the grab as Mlle Sagan's figures – whether for love or for cream cakes, it is the same emotion in kind. It is all beautifully written, of course, and Mr Francis Wyndham's translation does the style justice; but apart from pleasure in style, what is one supposed to get out of this fribble literature? The essence of worldly wisdom in a single perfect drop, like a million roses concentrated into a quarter of an ounce at ten guineas the phial? Pooh. Ask Balzac. Or Stendhal. Certainly I get the impression that Mme de Vilmorin has *read* more than Mlle Sagan, who is known to have read Proust, but hasn't learned from him anything of the slightest importance. As I finished *Love Story*, I seemed to see the ghost of Mme de Lafayette, wailing and wringing her hands and crying – 'Oh, but that is not what I meant! It is not that, not that *at all*!'

Mr Michael Hastings's *The Game* is about a Jamaican boy of fourteen, set down in England among a bizarre collection of youngsters in some bizarre urban setting that I found it impossible to domesticate. Mr Hastings is a rich writer, thank Heavens; at the moment over-rich: he was nineteen when he wrote this book. I say 'Thank Heavens' because it means that he has something to prune – quite a large, blossoming, billowy shrub. He is in love with writing for its own sake, and something of his fervour communicates itself to the reader; he has an opulent visual imagination. It is obvious, though, that the book in his own head is as yet beyond his powers of projection. Very promising, but let's wait and see.

Given the title *Aubade*, and the information that the boy hero bestows the name 'Garry' upon the unknown young man for whom he has conceived a passion, most prospective readers will have a very good idea what to expect. Mr Kenneth Martin is now seventeen. His hero (much the same age) falls in love with a medical student, does his best to restrict the relationship, but in the end succumbs before his lover goes away for ever.

This very young writer has a neat style, not quite as elegant as Mlle Sagan's, but going on that way, and a nice constructional sense. I can't criticise his work without pushing the question of his age aside. He has fallen into the trap set for those who write about homosexual relationships, of trying to make them infinitely more 'beautiful' than any other kind. If you do that you lose truth, and, which is more, dignity. Proust tried it, but only in an unsuccessful section at the beginning of *Sodome et Gomorrhe*. Not elsewhere. *Aubade* fair reeks with beauty, as one might say: it is grossly over-sentimentalised. Still, never mind. This is a very good effort for a boy of his age.

PAMELA HANSFORD JOHNSON

Toiling Sisters

Mrs. Bessie Braddock M.P. By MILLIE TOOLE. *Hale*. 18*s*.

Letters to My Daughter. By EDITH SUMMERSKILL. *Heinemann*. 18*s*.

Mrs Braddock, sizeable fist clenched, stares belligerently but genially out at us from the dust-cover. Within, all is equally genial and belligerent, but what could you expect from the daughter of the famous Liverpudlian Mrs Bamber, champion of the underpaid working women of the docks ("Tough as Marie Dressler she was, as tender,' says Miss Toole, in a style that has its trying moments). Elizabeth Margaret (later Lizzie: later Bessie) was whizzed off by her mother to a political meeting at the age of three weeks and has been publicly appearing ever since, occasionally wearing a sailor's cap with the name 'Audacious' on the band. She served a long apprenticeship to politics, distributing handbills, making tea for canvassers, watching queues for soup, strike meetings, and Bloody Sunday in 1911.

Miss Bamber became Mrs Braddock in 1922. Her husband was a political fighter too and a placid married life and a family was never their aim. By 1930 Mrs Braddock had a seat on the Liverpool City Council, sometimes, to ensure a

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HEINEMANN

proper hearing, taking with her to the Council's deliberations a two-foot megaphone. She drove an ambulance through the Liverpool blitz, was returned as the Labour member for the Exchange division after the war, and since then has become a well publicised figure. We know of her fondness for boxing, her dislike of margarine, her picturesque appearance ('A glimpse of Bessie in her small kitchenette with her sleeves rolled up would have sent Rembrandt running for his brushes'). 'Dear toiling sister,' a Jamaican addressed her. She is just that, ready to provide anything from unusual behaviour in the House to telephonic advice to a women's outing who have mislaid their charabanc at Ormskirk.

Letters to My Daughter contains groups of Dr Summerskill's letters to her daughter Shirley. At first the writer is in the Antipodes, the only woman on a 1944 parliamentary delegation, and no doubt the letters were welcome to her family. The effect they now make in published form is banal and dreary, what with Dada's leave-taking carnations, shampoos and sets, deck quoits, an MP dressed as a Hawaijan girl with water melons in his brassière ('Most amusing'), laddered stockings, Tasmania ('Off we flew'), and Adelaide, in a 'tastefully furnished suite. . . . As I had an hour to spare before lunch I sat on the balcony and held my tired pallid face up to the hot sun. . . . The next day was the coldest I have experienced in Australia and I donned my woollies'. And so on and so forth. Despite excitements such as the singing of 'For They Are Jolly Good Fellows' and freesia bouquets, home matters are not forgotten: 'I am sorry to hear that Happy has had another scrap. He was very plucky to take on an Airedale.' For a delirious moment, this reader thought that Happy might be a coloured servant who had gone berserk, but he turns out to be a Sealyham.

With the last groups of letters (during Oxford and hospital training) the suspicion arrives that it is not really Shirley who is being addressed but us. Dr Summerskill, megaphone up, is on the bridge and off we float on a sea of clichés with hobby-horses bobbing all around. What indigestible breakfasts poor Shirley must have had, gulping down statements about sex relationships, the child-parent problem, colour discrimination, the family behaviour pattern (dingy phrase), the importance of the genes in mental balance, and shattering bromides such as 'Only a woman can smile while her heart is breaking' and 'Human nature in castle and cottage is the same'. Men are selfish beasts, inclined to be disastrous in the home and not much better out of it. And as for those Impressionist painters! All this is paraded without a shred of humour and in a tone to set the teeth on edge.

> Now that you have left home – at least temporarily – I am bracing myself to withstand your cool, detached reappraisal of your family. Do not feel that this may be interpreted by us as in any sense disloyal. It is part of the process of growing up to see your family in terms of the community.

Occasionally Dada ties up a 'rebellious rambler', and we remember a visit to *The Mikado*, but, on the whole, life is real, life is earnest, and by golly, life is gloomy. *Il n'y a pas de lettres ennuyeuses,* said Dumas. Oh yes, there are.

ARTHUR MARSHALL

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HEINEMANN 13/6

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Shorter Reviews

Very Ordinary Sportsman. By J. P. W. MALLALIEU. *Routledge.* 18*s.*

Mr Mallalieu tries to do two things at once: he offers an album of great occasions, and he philosophises in a general and relaxed way about sport. Some of the great occasions – Dorando's Marathon, Jessop's 104 in 75 minutes against the Australians, the Dempsey-Carpentier fight – are expertly presented, but the formal set-piece manner is a little deadening. Where Mr Mallalieu witnessed what he writes about, the result is more matter and less art: he was in his seat at the 1953 Cup Final 'an hour and a half before the kick-off, listening to the band', and he brings the whole afternoon to life, with Stanley Matthews winning the game in his 'bright new bootlaces'. Some sports seem to be intractable. This account of the dead-heat in the University boat race succeeds no better than any other in making rowing exciting to read about. The chapter on Rugby – Mr Mallalieu's own game in the sense that he is an Oxford Blue – is not, strangely enough, among the best.

Mr Mallalieu is interesting on the economics of professional soccer and on out-of-the-way games like Irish football. Jack Johnson and the colour question ('How do you like that tap in the bread-basket, Jim, or should I say Mr Jeffries, sir?') might have been given more space at the expense of such well-worn themes as sham-amateurism about which Mr Mallalieu had nothing new to say. The photographs are good – particularly one of Dempsey and Carpentier in a clinch, taken from behind Carpentier and eloquently pointing the moral: Georges wasn't big enough.

J. J.

Over Seventy. By P. G. WODEHOUSE. *Herbert Jenkins.* 16*s.*

'Owing to my having become mentally arrested at an early age, I write the sort of books which people assume to be the work of a cheerful, if backward, young fellow of about twenty-five. And what happens? . . . on totters a spavined septuagenarian, his bald head coated with pancake flour to keep it from shining and his palsied limbs twitching feebly like those of a galvanized frog.' At seventy-six P. G. Wodehouse is as cheerful, backward and polished as ever. He calls this book an Autobiography with Digressions, but the autobiography is slight and informal and tells us little we didn't get from *Performing Flea.* The digressions are the thing. We have seen some of them in *Punch* and we came across some of the jokes in *Performing Flea.* Never mind. Here, for the fans, is a delicious Wodehouse scrap-book. Here is Wodehouse on earls, butlers and the American way of life; the story of the butler who was grateful and the butler who laughed. ('He uttered a sound like a bursting paper bag and hurried from the room with his hand over his mouth, squaring himself with his guild later, I believe, by saying he had had some kind of fit. It was an unpleasant experience and one that clouded my life through most of the period 1903-4-5 . . .')

Still, delight is mixed with regret that we are now hardly likely to get a full Wodehouse autobiography in the throw-away Bertie Wooster style of the opening chapters of *Over Seventy,* a style which treats the minted g. of human experience as though it were small change.

V. S. N.

Peron. By FRANK OWEN. *Cresset Press.* 21*s.*

Mr Owen has had the same trouble in assessing Juan and Evita Peron as everyone else who has tried to fit them into European political categories. He has written a readable, if somewhat uneven biography; he has recounted Peron's links with Italian, Spanish and German fascism; and he has shown that Peron – with his wife's help – ran an elaborate totalitarian regime which had all the trappings of violence, trickery and political oppression.

But, that said, there remains the fact that many aspects of Peronism were not only attractive to the mass of the Argentine people: they also attacked genuine social faults in Argentina. Peron was for freeing the Argentine from its semi-colonial status, and breaking the hold that foreign interests had on the economy. He was against the landed oligarchy, which had been the basis of previous reactionary regimes. He came out, finally, against the Catholic Church on questions of divorce, education and illegitimacy. His wife made the women of Argentina a political force, developed social services for the orphans, the poor and the aged, started workers' housing projects – even if the ways in which these were financed were open to question. In the process, both of them made enemies; the Argentine economy was distorted and strained almost to breaking point; and political democracy was strangled. But the Peron regime had its good as well as its bad side, and since Peron himself has been overthrown it has proved impossible to erase the deep imprint he and his wife made on Argentine society. Mr Owen stands too close to his subject to attempt a proper analysis of what it all meant and why it happened – though such an analysis is crucial to our understanding of the pattern of political development in Latin America, the coming continent. Mr Owen has, however, preserved one quotation from Eva Peron which reveals her extraordinary character. She began a radio speech from a hospital bed with the words: 'Women of Argentina! I salute you from my old workbench'. Perhaps the comparison of the Perons to Justinian and Theodora is not unduly strained.

N. M.

Week-end Competition

No. 1443 **Set by Cyanide**

Competitors are invited to submit their idea, in not more than 150 words, of the Perfect Crime. Entries by November 5.

Result of 1440 **Set by G. W. Stonier**

Tall, handsome men drink stiff whiskies or nonchalantly smoke a cigarette; superbly groomed women toy with caviare, and then bite their lips till they bleed; children are born with silver spoons in their mouths, a faithful hound will save them from drowning; while outside, in the inspissated bloom of the laurels, lurks one with the mark of the beast. . . . This is the world of Grand Novelese, for which we all have a secret yearning, and competitors are asked to enter it wholeheartedly in no more than 150 words of prose.

Report

Grand has been the response. Jewels, worth a king's ransom, glitter in golden hair; bosoms heave, sometimes in unison, sometimes with diamonds gaining a splendour from the chandelier above; voices ring clear as bells, or tinkle like ice; flambeaux are flung; the book-shelves slide to admit an oriental man-servant; one sips his whisky and cyanide, another unclenches hands in his sumptuous library in a brown study; pince-nez are adjusted to observe the navel ringed with Chinese white; hounds lift their gaze, last dice are thrown, butlers bow over trays or keyholes, lightning transfixes the velvet lawn, bats quit the belfry to seek the bed-chamber—where perhaps she, who shall be nameless, crouches naked and bound before an Idol, while her fiancé—revealed in a new light—grimaces and sharpens a long knife. And a stranger halts the Orient Express with a gesture of instinctive authority.

In fact, competitors have struck a rich level, ranging from old Glyn to new Yates, and I must regretfully turn away entries by Desmond Skirrow, Hilary Evans, Vera Telfer, Rose M. Fitzpatrick, and Chauve-Souris. The winners equally divide.

Athletic, bronzed, with the indefinable *cachet* of a proconsul from the far-flung outposts of Empire, Lord Arthur Ambergris escorted his partner from the Ballroom.

'This way, dear lady.'

'Call me Maddelena,' murmured the Countess del Vietato di Sputare. Impeccably gowned, with all the poise and allure of the South, she gazed adoringly at the aristocratic features of her host. In the Orangery, where a double avenue of golden-fruited trees was interspersed with a unique collection of statuary, Lord Arthur led his *inamorata* to a secluded alcove beneath discreetly shaded lights. Scarcely had they seated themselves when a marble bust of Socrates crashed from its pedestal with a sickening thud. As Lord Arthur collapsed unconscious, the Contessa rifled his pockets with a veritably feline delicacy. A packet wrapped in oilskin, no larger than a cigarette-case, was swiftly in her hands.

'Benissimo!' she hissed, while a sinister figure materialised from the shadows, 'Espresso!' . . . .

ALBERICK

The lost Child opened its vampyre lips and uttered a desolate wail.

Lady Ermyntrude stirred in the high security of her barred and bolted chamber and her mother's instinct awoke. 'Alas, my child,' she whispered, and throwing aside the heavy velvet coverlet, she rushed to the window.

Slim from her privations, she squeezed through the bars and climbed nimbly down the stems of ivy which thickly encrusted the ancient manor's outer wall.

Lady Ermyntrude's flimsy attire fluttered around her white limbs as she hurried over the vast lawns in the direction whence she thought she had heard the cry. Clouds rolled away, the moon shone out full and revealed a sight which froze the blood in the lady's veins and halted her fleeing feet.

What was the figure, hooded like the night, that now rose darkly in her path?

She breathed its name in a voice thin with horror . . . .

ETHEL TALBOT SCHEFFAUER

As Gervaise strolled along the terrace, Diana noticed his unusual pallor, but only within the library did she observe the arrow protruding from his back. Diana stiffened, involuntarily snapping the stem of a Venetian goblet.

'I'll ring for Turbot,' she said.

Turbot, imperturbable, appeared.

'Kindly remove this, Turbot,' said Gervaise, turning: Turbot remained impassive.

'I suggest a rapid extraction, my lord,' he said gravely.

Diana, glancing towards the disused West Wing, unconsciously decapitated a Dresden shepherdess. High on the crumbling staircase, Gervaise's half-brother, Wolfgang, long-bow across his back, turned, revealing Gervaise's son, Roderick, asleep in his arms. While his Mephistophelean features blazed exultantly, Diana, eyes dilated, unthinkingly set fire to the priceless Gobelin tapestry.

A rifle cracked—Wolfgang sank back, the child still within his nerveless arms.

The Dowager Lady Elvira lowered the Winchester presented to her by Buffalo Bill.

'Peel another nectarine, Potts, and continue reading,' she commanded.

R. A. ROBERTSON

'Your diagnosis?' queried Sir Anthony, removing his immaculate evening coat.

'An enlarged bronchial râle, I fear,' replied the old man.

'No time to lose, then,' returned the great surgeon, opening his long black case, revealing row upon row of shining knives. He breathed upon them tenderly, and polished each carefully with his silk handkerchief.

'Have you any surgical sponges?' he asked sharply.

'There is a loofah in the bathroom,' interposed Lady Hermione.

'Good,' snapped the surgeon. 'Can you give an anæsthetic?' he asked, turning to Giles.

'Alas, no,' confessed the latter. 'Is it a new discovery?'

'Never mind,' replied the other. 'I will adminster it myself.' He laid his silk handkerchief carefully over the boy's face.

'More light!' he demanded.

'Here is a candle,' suggested Lady Hermione.

'Right! . . . . Do you think you can bear all this?' His tone was solicitous.

'I served in a canteen during the war,' she retorted with quiet pride.

N. M. S.

'You have sworn to wed whomsoever retrieves the long-lost Bagworthy Diamonds!' hissed the Count.

Lady Diana's beautiful lips trembled.

'My word is my bond!' she whispered.

The Count leered triumphantly.

'Then you are mine! Years ago I received a deadly insult in this house. In revenge I concealed the jewels—here!'

He pressed a spot on the wainscotting. A door swung noiselessly open. But the Count recoiled with a cry. For there stood Lord Charles Flint-Bagworthy, D.S.O., M.C. with bar, Diana's adored cousin, the diamonds glittering in his grasp.

A knife flashed in the Count's hand, but Charles was too quick for him. He seized his assailant by the wrist and hurled him through the open window, to crash sickeningly on the flags below.

'You rang, my lord?' . . .

'There is a body on the terrace. Remove it,' said Charles, as he caught the swooning Diana in his arms.

A. M. SAYERS

The night-lamp burned low in Ward 29 as Nurse Gloria Smythe slipped through, flitting by like a healing lily, smoothing pillows and cooling fevered brows with snow-soft hands. Absorbed in her merciful task she failed to notice a sinister scarlet-clad form glide stealthily in and deposit a white tablet in a sleeping patient's medicine; 'Curse you, Nurse Smythe!' hissed this evil apparition- her tongue twisting serpent-wise round the bitter words, 'You'll be blamed for this, ha-ha!'

'Foiled, Madame!' cried a ringing voice, and in strode the clean-limbed virile young House-Surgeon. 'I saw all, and I have also seen Nurse Smythe's tireless devotion to Duty,—it has won my heart,' he added, turning to the blushing Gloria. 'And if you, my White angel, will honour me with the pure gift of your love.'

Speedwell blue mingled with stainless steel as their glances merged and their lips met in an endless kiss.

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Putnam

City Lights

Teddy Bears' Picnic

The bears were right. Wall Street has been falling as fast and as far as the gloomiest of them predicted. Selling has been extremely heavy; prices, at their lowest for 2½ years, are now 20 per cent. below the peak level reached in the summer. The stampede is due to a change of mood rather than a change in events. The optimists have been obstinately ignoring the obvious for too long – the failure to appear of the hoped-for fourth-quarter recovery in business activity, the further drop in activity suggested by the popular indicators, and the gallant quixotry displayed by the knights of the Federal Reserve. The argument for equity investment as a bulwark against inflation lost its force some time ago, and it now looks as if equity investors will have to face up to lower turnover, spare capacity and reduced profits. But many of them dreamed happily on, until *Sputnik* and a rumble from the Middle East pushed prices through a point critical enough to make dreams appear expensive. Once the rush began, all the news seemed bad. Investors, consoling themselves as best they could with the thought that capital losses might reduce their tax assessment, rushed to sell before prices fell further still. Nobody can tell how far movements of this kind will go – they drop only with exhaustion.

The City has been expecting a collapse on Wall Street for some months and is watching it with admirable phlegm. Unless the news gets worse, the feeling goes, Wall Street can hardly fall much further – 20 or 30 points on the Dow Jones index at most and possibly a good deal less. Nobody in the City is expecting a US recession to be more than modest, even if it is relatively protracted. There is plenty of recent evidence to suggest that politicians can be surprisingly stupid; the Federal Reserve could conceivably go too far and the Administration's power to remedy its excesses be restricted by the arbitrary ceiling on its borrowing powers. But this is still a far-fetched possibility. There are elections due next year in the US.

There is less reason to worry about the sorrows of Wall Street than about the possible effects of a prolonged US recession, however mild, on a world in which gold is already scarce and commodity prices low. The government, matching its £200m payments surplus with a 7 per cent. Bank rate, has no intention of fighting against the common danger, but it evidently recognises it. It is no accident that Britain has now done what could easily have been done six months ago – agreed to negotiate on the co-ordination of agricultural policies in a European free trade area. Without this easy gesture the proposal might have died, and Britain, it is held, can no longer afford to risk being shut out of Europe.

* * *

Foreign exchange markets, fluttered by Syria and apprehensive about the franc, have hardly had a chance yet to return to normal. But the fever has subsided for the moment: the D-mark has been persistently weak and Germany's foreign exchange reserves fell last week for the first time in many months. Banks are running down their swollen German balances, imports artificially held back are now pouring in, and export earnings are being reduced by the heavy forward currency sales which took place earlier. But Germany's trading position, whatever the course of capital movements, is still strong. If her exports fall off in the months ahead, as they well may, it will be because of the hardening of export markets for capital goods and the increasing pressure on costs and prices at home. Whether or not Dr Erhard succeeds in coping successfully with this new situation will depend partly on the result of the struggle to dispose of Herr Schaffer, the ledger-minded Minister of Finance. There is general agreement that Dr Erhard should be allowed to run things without interference – but Dr Adenauer cannot afford to insult Herr Schaffer and alienate his Bavarian supporters.

* * *

Steel plate has been consistently scarce since the war, and the expansion of plate capacity is an important feature of the industry's third development plan. Consett, one of the leading producers, planned to install a new mill and increase its ingot capacity, doubling its plate capacity at a cost of some £50m over five years, £35m of which would have to come from the market. But a 7 per cent. Bank rate has changed all that. Even if the money could be raised, the company has decided, the cost of raising it would be too high. A large part of the plan may have to be shelved.

TAURUS

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Group Net Profit—before Taxation	19,375,997
Less: Taxation	11,207,282
Group Net Profit—after Taxation	£8,168,715
Appropriated as follows:—	
Transfer to Reserves and increase in Profit and Loss Account balance, etc.	4,547,800
Preference Dividends, net	64,544
Ordinary Dividens, net	3,556,371
	£8,168,715
Preference Stockholders	
Issued Captial	£2,250,000
Dividend covered by net earnings after tax	126 times
Capital covered by net assets	29.6 times
Ordinary Stockholders	
Issued Capital	£9,773,293
Rate of Dividend paid on present Capital	65% p.a.
Rate earned on present Capital	149% p.a.
Group Net Assets	£82,465,424

Comparative Group Trading Profits

1948	1949	1950	1951	1952
£2,928,448	£4,576,290	£5,896,913	£8,161,150	£10,007,555
1953	**1954**	**1955**	**1956**	**1957**
£11,443,390	£15,541,292	£18,923,479	£20,273,185	£21,630,137

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The Chess Board

No. 415. The Giant-Killer

Whenever I feel like despairing of the human species and all its doings I find some solace in the thought that if there is one story-theme to equal 'Cinderella' in its unfailingly perennial appeal, it is 'David and Goliath'. Surely, we can't be all that bad so long as we never cease to yearn for the poor maiden to get her prince and for the underdog to kill the giant. And who of us wouldn't love to see the great Morphy paid out in his very own coin? Such glory, once in a lifetime, was destined for Charles Maurian, one of Morphy's most persistently luckless QR-odds-suckers. Now see how, just once, the sucker stole his master's thunder.

(1) P-K4, P-K4; (2) P-KB4, PxP; (3) B-B4, Q-R5 ch; (4) K-B1, P-QKt4! (this is Maurian, not Morphy thundering); (5) B-Q5, Kt-QB3!; (6) Kt-KB3, Q-R4; (7) P-Q4, Kt-B3; (8) B-Kt3, B-R3!; (9) Q-K2, KtxQP!!; (10) KtxKt, P-Kt5!!!; (11) QxB, Q-Q8 ch; (12) K-B2, Kt-Kt5 mate.

This pretty effort is deservedly included in *How to play chess like a champion*, Fred Reinfeld's latest opus (*Arco*, 21s.). Even though this amazingly prolific author can't very well avoid repeating himself, the book is neatly arranged and all the more readable since a profusion of diagrams obviates the need for board and men. After two initial sections showing the masters at their most masterly comes a very instructive chapter with lucid comments on typical mistakes made by average players. Then, after a chapter showing masters to make the usual mincemeat of amateurs we have that all too customary spectacle reversed, such as in this position. / 5r1k/ p5pp/ 1p3p2/ 2ktQ1Kt2/ 4Pq1P/ 5P2/ P5P1/ 3R2K1/. Here, having just blundered by . . . P-QKt3 grandmaster O'Kelly gave Willaert a chance to let the sparks fly by (2) Q-B7!, Kt-K3; (3) R-Q8!! etc.

Now here's a position where our old friend Mieses was caught napping by an amateur. / r3k2r/ p1p1qp1p/ 2p1b3/ 2bpP1p1/ 6kt1/ 2BB3P/ PPP2PP1/ RKt1Q-1RK1/. (12) . . . P-KR4! (The amateur, not the master speaking who feels he must accept the 'dare'.)

(13) PxKt?, PxP; (14) P-KKt3, Q-B1!; (15) K-Kt2, R-R7 ch!!; (16) KxR, Q-R3 ch; (17) K-Kt1, Q-R6; (18) B-Q4!? [hoping for . . . BxB; (19) B-K4!], O-O-Q!!; (19) B-R7, R-R1; (20) Q-Q3, BxB; (21) Kt-Q2, RxB; (22) QxR, QxQ, etc.

Here (Herrmann-Hussong) is a position pregnant with amazing possibilities. /5ktk1/ 5rpp/ p3pr2/ P1Q1p2q/ 4Pkt2/ 2P1Kt3/ 1P3PPP/ R3Kt1RK/.

(1) . . . QxP ch!!; (2) KxQ, R-R3 ch; (3) K-Kt3, Kt-K7 ch (4) K-Kt4, R-B5 ch; (5) K-Kt5, R-R7!!; (6) QxKt ch, KxQ; (7) Kt-B3, P-R3 ch; (8) K-Kt6, K-Kt1!; (9) KtxR, R-B4!!; (10) PxR, Kt-B5 mate.

And here finally (Bird-Englisch), is a position to save my **A** diagram of the 4-pointer for beginners. / 4ktr1k/ R7/ 4Rp2/ 6r1/ 6Kt1/ 6P1/ 6PK/ 8/. White played RxKt!, the idea being to counter . . . RxR by KtxP, threatening mate as well as the R. How (after RxKt) did Black manage to save ½ point?

B—a draw—should be a bargain for 6 ladder-points with the useful hint that Black is given the chance of queening a P. But **C**, a win, is well worth 7 points and it is quite a beauty too. Usual prizes. Entries by 4 November.

B: F. M. Simchovitch
1927

C: Leonid Kubble
1921

REPORT on No. 412. Set 5 October.

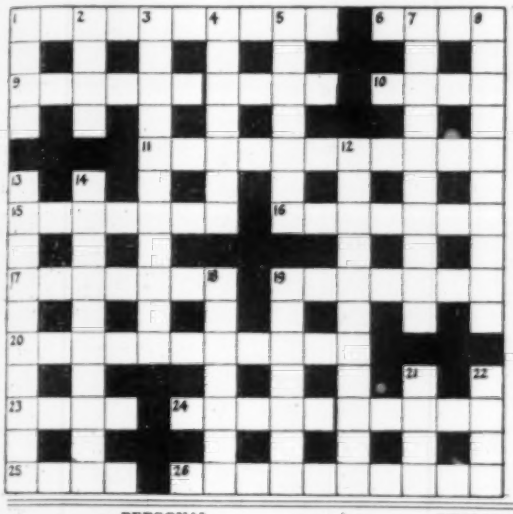
A: (1) R-K8!, QxR; (2) QxKt ch, K-Kt1; (3) B-B6 etc.
B: (1) Kt-Kt3 ch, KtxKt; (2) B-Q2 ch, KtxB; (3) P-Q7 etc.
C: (1) B-Kt1!!, KxB (best); (2) K-Kt3, K-B3; (3) K-B3, K-Q3; (4) K-Q3, K-K3; (5) K-K3, K-B3; (6) K-B3, K-Kt3; (7) K-Kt3, K any; (8) P-Kt6 etc.
But (1) B-R7? (or any other B-move merely leads to a draw).

An easy lot and plenty of correct solutions. Prizes: A. J. Bamford, E. A. Barclay-Smith, W. H. L. Brooking, L. K. Kennion, J. G. Lloyd, J. M. Reid.

ASSIAC

Week-end Crossword 274

Prizes: Three book tokens of 15s. for the first correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 274, New Statesman, Great Turnstile, London, WC1, by first post on 5 Nov.



ACROSS

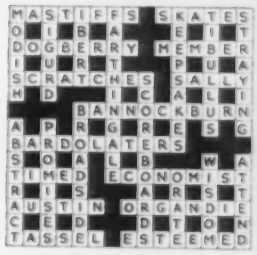
1. Place where the hunt gets mixed up with the crops at first (10).
6. The drink for a fish (4).
9. It permits one to travel, but not to send the food back (6, 4).
10. Without liberal intervention the mode of expression has become something painful (4).
11. Ministers for a hidden constellation (11).
15. The results of collisions show that the devil is at work (7).
16. Supervises the film, as the revised credits may show (7).
17. Russell is back in the game—for Liverpool perhaps? (7).
19. Publicity starts concerning someone who is very reticent (7).
20. Reproved when without her backing the theatre closed down (11).
23. I try for a lot at the same place (4).
24. Animals which are potentially arboreal at heart (5, 5).
25. 'Whatever Miss T. —— Turns into Miss T.' (De la Mare) (4).
26. Limitations which make those like Prometheus somehow arise (10).

DOWN

1. 'No children run to lisp their ——'s return' (Gray) (4).
2. With a ward this would be awkward (4).
3. She is finished with the household job and presides over the dancing (11).
4. Places of work where they are not fond of refreshments? (7).
5. Presage the finish of the drink (7).
7. Peer who is composed of Latin charm (10).
8. A relative walks on an ancient river (10).
12. Spell for a rotter between two female garments (11).
13. Vile prices reviewed for insincerity (10).
14. Southern fruit to indicat something sharp (10).
18. Quivering — a lot mor strangely (7).
19. The bloody battle up nort is freshly sketched (7).
21. Transport for a team o irregulars (4).
22. Theories exist for here something written down (4

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 272



PRIZEWINNERS TO No. 272

Miss B. Mowat (Kirkwall, Orkneys), D. R. Ewen (Khartoum), F. Hargreaves (Bolton).

PERSONAL

CONSCIENTIOUS objector, journalist, 24, seeks farm, forestry or hospital job. Driver. Mostly-forgotten high school agriculture training. Not scared work but does not want to stagnate. Box 6038.

WINTER in Tangier. From December. B. & B. in luxury flat. Write Moore, 31 Rue de Gibraltar, Tangier, Morocco.

INTELLIGENT woman, by economic circs. compelled hold down uncongenial job Paris, seeks interesting part-time assignments. Fully qualif. English, French, Italian, German, journalist, experience. Write Box 6012.

I PHOTOGRAPH may be able to save you paragraphs of description; if you have suspected this, ring MAI 3200 to get confirmation and quotation from Anthony Panting, 30 Abbey Gdns., N.W.8.

MRS. Harris, Cragnor, Carbis Bay, offers holiday home for children. Froebel Diploma. Good references.

BRAZIERS, Ipsden, Oxon. Nov. 15-18, "The Science of Social Integration" (incl. 7th Anniversary meeting).

BACHELOR, thirties, seeks comp. (M) generally and for inexpensive week's holiday November 23. Box 6035.

WINTER in Austria. Part of comf. villa available, either with full board or own cooking facilities, in charming lake-side village, Salzburg district. Wintersports. Tuition in German if desired. Box 5939.

ENGLISH girl, sound education, good family, required to teach English to two small girls. Live en famille in Italian city. No household or nursery duties. Interviews London. Box 5962.

YUGOSLAV woman student of English, 19, seeks post in English family for year. Free end Oct. Help with children and/or house in exchange board, lodging and small amount pocket-money. Engl. refs. Box 5977.

ENGLISH conversation for foreign students in friendly atmosphere Central London. Small groups. Moderate terms. Box 5946.

ACCOMPANIST available for singers and instrumentalists Box 6077.

FOLK Music on records, including many from abroad not generally available here. Send 6d. for list to William Lennard Concerts, Ltd., 13a Heath Street, London, N.W.3.

WANTED, Ski-ing clothes—boots sizes 2, 7, 8. Trousers for boys 8, 13, 15 years old Send particulars. Box 5982.

YOUNG schoolmaster (Cantab.) seeks another to share holiday arrangements, weekend rambling, motoring, etc. Box 5981.

WE publish books at authors' whole/part expense. Sound work sold; receipts to author. Winterson, 20 Took's Court, E.C.4.

RECORD Shops with a Difference! Folk Music from over 30 countries; specialist foreign classics; famous Russian artists; Brecht operas; Supraphon range; records from China, at Collet's Record Shop, 72, Heath St., Hampstead (also carries full range British Classics) and 70, New Oxford St., W.C.1. (includes new and secondhand Jazz records). Call in and listen or send for lists.

ANOTHER Blip, "The Flying Saucerers," by Reginald Reynolds, a new play for the toy theatre, 3s. 6d. Catalogue fr. Benjamin Pollock, Ltd., 44 Moumouth Street, W.C.2.

MASSAGE for fitness, health by nurse-physiotherapist. App. HAM. 2514.

PERSONAL—continued

GORDON FRASER CHRISTMAS CARDS

are in the shops now.

For cards with your own name and address see the Gordon Fraser Private Greeting Album.

GORDON FRASER GALLERY, BEDFORD.

BOOKCASES by Morris, Simplex, Globe-Wernicke, Gomme, Russell, Hille, etc. Illustrated and priced catalogue from D. Matthews & Son, Ltd., Office Furnishers, Dale Street, Liverpool 2.

CONSOLIDATE your French. Group meets for Literary and Topical Discussion one evening a week in Wimbledon house. WIM. 0568.

FOREIGN girls seek domestic posts, pref. "au pair", Anglo-Continental Bureau, 148 Walton St., S.W.3. KEN. 1586.

CULTURED Accent; correct speech. Private lessons (1 hr.) 12s. 6d. Box 5558.

STORIES wanted by the Agency Dept. C.20 of British Institute of Fiction Writing Science, Ltd., Regent House, Regent St., W.1. We negotiate suitable work on a 15% of sales basis (no reading fee), unsuitable work returned with reasons for rejection. We also offer an interesting booklet giving dets. & fees for our Courses & Criticisms, & success letters from students.

FOREIGN Language an asset. "Au Pair" posts for girls—p.g. accom. exchanges avail. Eductour, 10 Exhibition Rd., S.W.7.

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PHILIP Humphreys, Psychologist, 69 Prince's Gate, S. Kensington, S.W.7. KENsington 8042.

KNOW-HOW means Writing Success for You. No Sale—No Fees Tuition. Free N.2. "Know-How Guide to Writing Success" from B.A. School of Successful Writing, Ltd., 124 New Bond Street, W.1.

SOCIETY.—Can it be improved? Contribute your ideas to group meetings and conferences of the Progressive League. Write Secretary (E), 20 Buckingham St., W.C.2.

FOREIGN girls domesticated and willing, long/short periods available. Eductour, 10 Exhibition Rd., S.W.7. KNI. 4132.

PERSONAL—continued

FLOURISHING Day School for sale or lse. N.W. Lond. Living accom. Box 5847.

FAMILY Planning without contraceptives. Confidential brochure giving detailed explanation of medically approved method used by millions of couples throughout the world now avail. 1s. post free. Gynometer Advisory Centre (CU), 16 Ingestre Place, W.1.

WRITE for Profit. Send today for interesting free booklet—The Regent Institute (Dept. E/191), Palace Gate, London, W.8.

DUREX gloves & all rubber surgical appliances sent under plain cover. Write or call for our free price list now. Fiertag, Dept. N.N., 34 Wardour Street, London, W.1.

EARN Money Songwriting! Interesting free book tells how. Send 2d stamp to Linton School of Songwriting (Desk N), 20 Denmark Street, London, W.C.2.

EYESIGHT improved without Glasses. If your eyes are tired or strained visit a qualified Bates Practitioner, Miss E. Sage, 76 Twyford Ave., London, N.2. TUD. 4776.

VISION Corrected. Sight improved without glasses. Qualified Bates Practitioner, Michael Ronan, 29 Gloucester Road, S.W.7. KNIghtsbridge 7323.

ALEXANDER Technique. Eric de Peyer, 7 Wellington Sq., S.W.3. SLO. 3141.

LONDON School of Bridge, 38 King's Road, S.W.3. KENsington 7201.

HUMANISM—a modern outlook. Write: 13 Prince of Wales Terrace, London, W.8.

HOLIDAY TRAVEL

SKI-ING IS FUN

Our arrangements by rail or air will appeal to beginners and experienced ski-ers wanting a cheerful holiday and good skiing at reasonable cost.

At our Winter Sports Film Show and party on October 31, at 6.30 p.m., you will be able to find out all about our Good Value arrangements. Costs from £22 17s. 6d Film Show tickets from:

ERNA LOW, 47(NS) Old Brompton Road, London, S.W.7 KEN. 0911 & 9225.

GO Gay This Winter! Ski with the Club Mediterranee of Paris at Serre Chevalier, France, or Leysin, Switzerland. First-class skiing for beginners and experts. Gay night life. Delicious food and free wine. Travel Counsellors, Ltd., 139 Kensington High St. (entr. in Wrights Lane), London, W. 8. WES. 1517.

HOLIDAY TRAVEL—continued

BY AIR TO SKI

THIS WINTER

During the coming winter sports season all our tours to Austria and Switzerland will be in comfortable Viking aircraft via Zürich. Yet charges for a full fortnight's holiday including a full course of ski-instruction, are remarkably low:

HOCHSOLDEN. One of Austria's highest ski resorts at 6,790 feet. Inclusive charge from £36 2s 6d. (low season) to £39 15s.

SEEFELD. A very popular centre in the Tyrol. Charges from £39 17s. 6d. (low season) to £40 15s.

DAMULS. An off-the-beaten-track centre in the Vorarlberg, well provided with ski-lifts and standing 4,700 ft. above sea-level. Charges from £34 12s. 6d. (low season) to £37 15s.

SCHWEFELBERG. This new resort, with a big ski-lift, is high in the mountains south of Berne. You may not meet many English ski-ers, but Schwefelberg is already popular with the Swiss. Ski-lift to 5,500 ft. Charge £43 5s.

* * *

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. . . Air travel.
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Ask for our programme now

RAMBLERS' ASSOCIATION SERVICES, LTD., 48c Park Rd. Baker St., N.W.1. Tel. AMB. 1001.

AIR Holidays. Athens: 10-day tours, entirely by air, to Athens with short stay at Naples and Rome. Vacancies for tours in March and April. Inclusive cost 52 gns. Seville—Tangier—Palma: Tours commencing December 27, and in March and April with travel entirely by air and three nights each at Seville, Tangier and Palma, Majorca. Inclusive cost 48 gns. Also special Seville Holy Week tours at Easter (with extended stay in Seville) for 52 gns. and one tour including the Seville Spring Fair for 50 gns. Write or phone for Circular Air Tour brochure to Wings Limited, 48c, Park Rd Baker St., N.W.1. AMB. 1001, Ext. 42.

WHERE TO STAY

PEMBROKESHIRE, Historic house woods, lakes, own farm, modern amenities; sea near. Lockley, Orielton, Pembroke

AUTUMN holidays for the country-lover Gd. food, warmth, pleas. companionship found at Chantry Mead, Hatfield Heath, Nr Bishop's Stortford, Hatfield Heath 263.

RECUPERATION at Higham House in 5 beautiful acres. Comfort, rest, exercise Entirely vegetarian. Farm eggs and milk Treatment if desired. Health lectures. Write for terms & brochure, Higham House, Sale hurst, Robertsbridge, Sx. Robertsbridge 12

DAVOS, centre of Winter sports, offers lovely holidays. Privat-Hotel Meisse Davos-Dorf, Switzerland, in very centre the sport places offers comf. accom., delicious food. Special reduced terms Jan. 6 to Feb. 1

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS

6s. per line (average six words). Box number 2s. 6d.

Semi-display £4 10s. per inch. Telephone HOLborn 8471. Press Tuesday.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

50s. a year by surface mail to any address in the world. 25s. for six months.

By air to Europe: 90s. a year. Other Air Mail and Air Express rates on request.

NEW STATESMAN Great Turnstile London WC1

APPOINTMENTS VACANT

PERSONAL ASSISTANT (WOMAN) TO MANAGING DIRECTOR

Personal Assistant (Woman) required by Managing Director of engineering company supplying capital plant to the oil, gas, chemical and nuclear power industries.

The duties include sifting and appraising all letters, internal memoranda, and printed matter addressed to the Managing Director; liaison with other managers and senior staff; devilling and drafting in connection with trade, technical, education and other outside bodies; and preparing précis and reports.

Applicants should have a university degree including economics, and desirably some years' administrative experience. Age 25 to 35.

Send brief career particulars and names of two referees as to discretion and loyalty marked PERSONAL to:

A. G. Grant, Managing Director, Whessoe, Ltd., Darlington, by Monday, November 11.

TO THE BEST TV WRITER IN LONDON . . .

If you are the best, we want you. And if you're only very very good, we want you too. We have the fastest growing TV Department in London . . . and the time has come when the role of TV Creative Director must be created and filled. It will offer a substantial challenge . . . and reward . . . to the finest creative mind in London. Join us, and write for us. You will head an excellent team of writers, work with friendly and progressive people and be responsible for the creative work on over thirty products. Our film production goes through many of the top live action and animation houses in England . . . from whom we want you to draw better and better work. We look for imagination, vision, clarity, humour and human understanding in our commercials. We assure a genuine creative mind that these are values readily appreciated at Royds. The starting salary will be substantial and the future prospects excellent. Write in the first instance to:

JOHN B. BEARD,
Head—T.V., Films and Radio,
G. S. ROYDS, LTD.
Royds House,
Mandeville Place, W.1.

CIVIL Service Commission. Competitions will be held in 1958 for the following: Administrative Class of the Home Civil Service and Administrative Class of the Northern Ireland Civil Service (Methods I and II). At least one House of Commons Clerkship will be filled through the Administrative Class competition. Code No. 11/58. Senior Branch of the Foreign Service (Methods I and II). Code No. 12/58. Special Departmental Classes (Home Civil Service), i.e., H.M. Inspectors of Taxes; Cadet Grade, Ministry of Labour and National Service; Assistant Postal Controllers in the Post Office; and Grade III Officers, Ministry of Defence (Methods I and II). Code No. 17-20/58. Statistician Class (Home Civil Service) (Method I only). Code No. 21/58. Executive Class (Home Civil Service) and Branch B of the Foreign Service (Method I only) for university graduates. Code No. 22/58. Methods of Selection. Method I consists of a written examination in university honours degree subjects plus a preliminary and a final interview; Method II consists of a short written examination in general subjects followed, for selected candidates, by tests at the Civil Service Selection Board and interview before the Final Selection Board. When two methods are provided, candidates may choose either or both. Candidates for Method II must have, or obtain in 1958, a university degree; for the Administrative Class and Senior Branch of the Foreign Service competitions the degree required is 1st or 2nd class honours. Age Limits. At least 20½ and under 24 on August 1, 1958 with extension for service in H.M. Forces. In addition, for Statistician Class (21/58), extension up to three years for approved post-graduate experience. For particulars (including prospects of promotion) and application forms write (preferably by postcard) to Secretary Civil Service Commission, 6 Burlington Gardens, London, W.1, quoting the code number(s) of the competition(s) in which you are interested. Completed application forms for entry by Method II must be returned by Nov. 30, 1957 and for Method I by Feb. 28, 1958.

GOVERNMENT of Nigeria. The Federal Government of Nigeria requires a Social Welfare Officer to take charge of the Family Welfare Centre in Lagos for Africans. Post is on contract. Inclusive salary scale, £798 to £1,530 p.a. Point of entry according to qualifications and approved experience. Gratuity on completion of engagement. Taxation at low local rates. Generous home leave on full pay. Free passages. Candidates (men only) must have degree or diploma in social science and family case work experience. Particulars from Director of Recruitment, Colonial Office, London, S.W.1 quoting BCD 130/14/05.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

METEOROLOGICAL Office. Scientific Officers. The Civil Service Commissioners invite applications for permanent posts. The duties include research in atmospheric physics, covering the study of cloud structure, synoptic and dynamical meteorology, large and small scale diffusion and turbulence, climatology, and development of instruments. There is a limited number of posts for forecasting work at the more important centres. Successful candidates will be given a course in meteorology before being assigned to a research or forecasting establishment for further training and experience. In some instances candidates with national service obligations can be commissioned in the R.A.F. for forecasting duties at R.A.F. stations. Further information may be obtained from the Secretary, Meteorological Office, Air Ministry, Kingsway, London, W.C.2. Candidates must be between 21 and 28 during 1957. They must have a First or Second Class Honours degree preferably in physics or Mathematics, or an equivalent qualification. Salaries (London rates) £635-£1,110. Women's pay above £635 slightly lower but being raised to reach equality with men's in 1961. Somewhat lower rates in provinces. Opportunities for promotion to Senior Scientific Officer (£1,190-£1,410), and higher posts. Particulars from Civil Service Commission, Scientific Branch, 130, Old Burlington Street, London, W.1, quoting No. S52/57 (Met.). Interview Boards will sit at intervals, as reqd. Early applicn. is advised.

UNIVERSITY of Cape Town. Applications are invited for a full-time Lecturer in Graphic Design. The Lecturer will be in charge of the Commercial Art Department of the Fine Art School and will be required to train students for the University's Certificate in Commercial Art. He should be a good draughtsman and designer and have had both professional and teaching experience. The salary scale is £850 × £50—£1,200 per annum. There is also a temporary cost of living allowance for a married man (at present £234 per annum). Applications (with copies of testimonials) should state age, experience, qualifications and research work completed or in progress, and give the names of two referees whom the University may consult. Two copies of the application must reach the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1 (from whom a memorandum giving the general conditions of appointment should be obtained) not later than November 13, 1957. A third copy should be sent direct by airmail to the Registrar, University of Cape Town, Private Bag, Rondebosch, Cape Town, South Africa, by the same date. The University reserves the right to appoint a person other than one of the applicants or to make no appointment.

AUSTRALIA—University of Queensland. Applications are invited for the position of Senior Lecturer in English. The appointee will be expected to work in the general field of post-medieval English Literature at both Pass and Honours levels. Specialist qualifications in seventeenth and/or eighteenth century literature are especially desirable, but the appointment will not necessarily go to an applicant holding these qualifications. Salary £A1,850–£A2,150 per annum. Further particulars are obtainable from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1. Applications close in Australia and London on November 30, 1957.

AUCKLAND University College. University of New Zealand. Applications are invited for a Lectureship in Accountancy. The salary scale for the position is £1,025 per annum, rising to £1,275 by three annual increments. An allowance is made towards travelling expenses. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36, Gordon Square, London, W.C.1. The closing date for the receipt of applications in New Zealand and London is October 31, 1957.

UNIVERSITY of Leicester. Applications are invited for a Lectureship in English. Initial salary dependent on qualifications and experience on scale £900-£1,650, plus membership o. F.S.S.U. and family allowances. Further particulars from the Registrar, to whom applics. should be sent by Nov. 9.

SECOND Advertisement. Deputy Matron required by Coventry Children's Committee for their Residential Nursery, "The Manor," Tamworth Road, Keresley, nr. Coventry. This is a non-training Nursery with 30 places. N.M.C. conditions and salary, plus £26 local award in certain circumstances. Application forms from Children's Officer, New Council Offices, Coventry.

FULL time Relief Housemother required at once in Childrens' Home at Chertsey, Surrey. Salary £234 p.a. with free residential emoluments. Good holidays. Superannuation scheme. Previous experience in child care desirable. Applications giving full details of education and experience and names and addresses of two referees, to the General Secretary, Actors' Orphanage Fund, 32, Shaftesbury Avenue, W.1.

IF you are young, energetic, adaptable; if you are essentially a writer, with the first-class journalist's penchant towards logic and analysis; if you are eager to make a career in publicity with a virile, rapidly expanding organisation, then write, giving full details, to Box 6043.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

B.B.C. invites applications for inclusion in Reserve List of Monitors, to provide candidates for future vacancies. Monitoring Service is based at Caversham, near Reading. Duties entail listening to and reporting on news and other broadcasts from abroad. Idiomatic knowledge of languages concerned, perfect hearing, ability to type and sound knowledge of world affairs essential. Short-listed candidates will be asked to undergo tests. Starting salary £790 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional), with promotion to salary range £930—£1,190 when fully proficient. Candidates required for following languages: 1. Balkan Languages i.e., Albanian, Bulgarian, Greek and Rumanian. 2. Hindi/Urdu. 3. Serbo-Croat with another Slav language. Requests for application forms (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting reference G.397 N.Stm.) should reach Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W.1, within five days.

THE University of Manchester. Applications are invited for the temporary post of Lecturer or Assistant Lecturer in Economics. The person appointed will be expected to take up his duties not later than January 1, 1958, and the appointment will extend to September 30, 1959, with a possible extension to December 31, 1959. Salary scales per annum are as follows:— Lecturer, £900 to £1,650; Assistant Lecturer, £700 to £850; initial salary and status according to age, qualifications and experience. Membership of F.S.S.U. and Children's Allowance Scheme. Applications should be sent not later than November 9, 1957, to the Registrar, the University, Manchester, 13, from whom further particulars and forms of application may be obtained.

LONDON County Council. Post of responsibility. Malory School, Launcelot Road, Downham, Bromley, Kent. Headmaster: E. E. McCarthy, M.A. New secondary school for 1,650 boys and girls, opening Easter, 1958, first main intake of pupils September, 1958. Mistress as Deputy Head required in January. Burnham (London) scale salary with allowance of £450. Provision for academic courses, including some leading to G.C.E. ("O", "A" and "S" levels), and courses in preparation for advanced studies in engineering and commerce. Applicants must have good qualifications, organising ability and variety of teaching experience and should be interested in whole field of secondary education. Form EO/TSIO(SR) (Malory) from (S.A.E.F'scap) and returnable to Divisional Officer, 83 Peckham Road, S.E.5 within two weeks. Candidates who applied in response to earlier advertisements need not re-apply.

WARLINGHAM Park Hospital, Warlingham, Surrey. Applications are invited for a post of Psychiatric Social Worker, based on Warlingham Park Hospital and dealing mainly with adult in-patients and out-patients. The hospital makes full use of group therapy, and already has a very wide variety of extra-mural activities. This appointment is additional to the post at present held by a qualified P.S.W., and probable future developments include the appointment of a Senior Psychiatric Social Worker and the organising of a scheme of domiciliary psychiatry. Candidates should hold one of the recognised diplomas. Whitley Council salary and conditions of service. Applications on forms obtainable from the Physician Superintendent should be submitted as soon as possible.

WARLINGHAM Park Hospital, Warlingham, Surrey. Applications are invited for the post of Psychiatric Social Worker for work mainly at the Croydon Child Guidance Clinic. Candidates should hold an appropriate qualification, and preferably should have had previous post-graduate experience of child guidance work. Whitley Council salary (plus London Weighting) and conditions of service. Applications on forms obtainable from the Physician Superintendent should be returned as soon as possible.

READING Education Committee. Appointment of Psychiatric Social Worker. Applications are invited from suitably qualified men and women for appointment as full-time Psychiatric Social Worker to work as a member of the Authority's child guidance team. Salary and conditions in accordance with Whitley Council Scales. Further particulars and application forms can be obtained from the Chief Education Officer, Blagrave St., Reading, to whom they should be returned within two weeks of the appearance of this advertisement.

HALIFAX Council of Social Service (including the Citizens' Advice Bureau) invite applications for the full-time appointment of General Secretary. Applications, in writing only, stating qualifications and experience, to the Hon. Secretary, John A. Bearder, Hopwood Hall, Halifax.

THE Queen Elizabeth Hospital for Children, Hackney Road, London, E.2. Applications are invited for the post of Almoner (registered with the Institute of Almoners) to work under the supervision of the Head Almoner. Adequate clerical help and pleasant modern office. Referred medico-social work offering varied and interesting experience in a busy Children's Hospital. Within 10 mins. Liverpool St. Station. On No. 6 bus route. Newly qualified Almoners considered. Whitley Council Scale and conditions. Applications with references or names of two referees to Group Secretary.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

TAVISTOCK CLINIC,
2, Beaumont Street, W.1.
Shorthand Typist required. Some general clerical duties. Interesting and varied work. Starting salary at 23 years and over within range £414 to £468 p.a. according to age and ability rising to £545 p.a.
For further details and interview Tel. CUN. 6071 ext. 10.

PSYCHOLOGY Graduate, age 25/35 (preferably with post-graduate experience in a social field and some knowledge of projective techniques) required to develop work on Motivation Research in a leading London Agency. The successful applicant will have considerable scope and opportunities for experimental work in connection with a number of important consumer products. Initial salary will be in the scale of £1,000/1,500, depending on experience. Write to Research Director, F. C. Pritchard, Wood & Partners, Ltd., 25 Saville Row, W.1.

TAVISTOCK Clinic, 2 Beaumont Street, W.1. Secretary required for Consultant Psychiatrist to take part in a Clinical Research project. Opportunity to acquire specialised knowledge and, if suitable, eventually to act as assistant on some aspects of the work. Good shorthand-typing speeds necessary. Responsible person to deal with confidential material. Preferably aged 25-35. Write, giving full details of experience, etc., to Senior Administrative Officer.

FROEBEL Educational Institute. Training College for Women Teachers. Principal's Secretary required to start in January (or if necessary February or March). Candidates holding University degree or equivalent qualification preferred. Previous training college experience a recommendation. Good shorthand-typing essential. Salary from £500-650 p.a., non-resident, according to qualifications and experience. Applications, with copies of two recent testimonials, should be sent as soon as possible to the Principal, Froebel Institute, Grove House, Roehampton Lane, S.W.15.

LONDON, S.W.15. Ibstock Place School, Clarence Lane, Roehampton. Wanted in January, Housemistress to be responsible for 50 boarders (boys and girls aged 7-14) out of school hours, with three matrons. Salary according to qualifications and experience. Some previous work with children essential, teaching or matron experience desirable. Apply, with testimonials, to the Headmistress.

IMPORTANT Anglo-Israeli organisation, under distinguished patronage, has opening for experienced Appeals Organiser; essential qualifications are good education, pleasant personality, outstanding organising ability, knowledge of Jewish community and ability to address meetings. Applications in confidence to the Executive Director, British Technion Committee, 83 Wimpole Street, W.1.

PEDRO Street Settlement, E.5. Reqd., Jan., 1958, man leader (full-time) or couple (both part-time) for active mixed youth club, mems. 100 plus. Would suit teacher with youth experience. Sal. £550 p.a. with increments. House available, low rent. Applications stating training, experience, immed. to Miss Sheran Cazalet, 7, St. Leonard's Mansions, Smith St., S.W.3.

STEPNEY Family Service Unit requires a Secretary responsible to the Management Committee for administration. Salary £450 minimum. 71 Vallance Road, E.1.

WARDEN required for residential Settlement. Social Science qualifications desirable. Salary according to age and experience. Write full details to the Chairman, Beauchamp Lodge, 2, Warwick Crescent, Paddington, W.2.

PART-time Secretary-Supervisor required for service flats. Exper. of domestic management important. Hours and salary by arrangement. Applications in writing only to Isokon (Lawn Road) Ltd., 8 Lawn Road Flats, London, N.W.3.

SECRETARY required by busy T.U. officer. Interesting and responsible job at commencing wage £10 (rising to £11 by annual increments). 5-day week, 4 weeks' holiday. Good shorthand-typing speeds and sec. exper. essential. Ring CHA. 2991 for appntmnt.

UNIVERSITY College, London (Gower St., W.C.1) requires part-time secretarial assistant during terms for Old Students' Association. Post might be suitable for married woman with children at school. Typing essential, shorthand desirable. Applications to Assistant Secretary.

INSTITUTE of Personnel Management, 80 Fetter Lane (opposite Gamages), have vacancy for Shorthand Typist to assist the Student training secretary. Good speeds essen. Salary £7/£7 10s., according to age and exp. 5-day week, 9-5.30. Luncheon vouchers. Tel. for appointment HOL. 3456, Ex. 104.

SHORTHAND/Typist with some bookkeeping experience, or would train. Pleasant office: 5-day week 9-5 p.m. Generous holidays and pension scheme—good commencing salary with annual increases. Apply: National Union of Bank Employees, 28, Old Queen St., S.W.1.

ACTORS' Equity requires Records Clerk (m. or f.)—some typing and switchboard relief. T.U. Scale—£8 15s. at 25. Write: 8, Harley Street, W.1.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

AMERICAN Journalist seeks experienced Secretary-Research Asst. with initiative. Good sh./typ. speeds. Interesting longtime post. Knowledge of French as asset. Send full details. The Washington Post, 43 Fleet St., E.C.4.

IF you are of good education and interested in literature and the arts, and want a varied job in London that involves shorthand and typing and the opportunity to help many others of similar interests, write, giving full particulars, to Box 6013.

SECRETARY for Editorial Department reqd. Shorthand/typing, adaptability & sense of responsibility needed to help congenial team. Full details to Box 6008.

SECRETARY Shorthand Typist (unmarried) required for office of College of Advanced Technology. Permanent: pensionable: generous holidays; School Certificate or equivalent. Good typing essential. Scale: £9 5s. 6d. at 25, £10 14s. 6d. at 30 or over, rising eventually to £13 6s. 6d. Apply by letter with full particulars of experience to the Secretary, Northampton College, St. John Street, London, E.C.1. (Near Angel Station).

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FELLOWSHIPS & SCHOLARSHIPS—contd.

BRITISH Institute of Archaeology at Ankara invites applications for Fellowship and Scholarship for Session 1958 (March 15 to December 15). Value Fellowship £400, Scholarship £350, to include travelling expenses. Applicants must be of British Commonwealth nationality and graduates of a United Kingdom or British Commonwealth University. Fourteen copies of applications and of testimonials from the universities of applicants to be sent by December 31, 1957, to Secretary, British Institute of Archaeology at Ankara, 56 Queen Anne St., London, W.1.

THE Australian National University, Canberra. Research Scholarships. Applications are invited from post-graduate students with capacity for research for scholarships in Anthropology and Sociology, Demography, Economics including Economic History and Economic Statistics, Geography, Australian History, Far Eastern History (China and Japan)*, Pacific History, International Relations, Law, Political Science including Public Administration, Philosophy, Political and Social Philosophy, and Statistics including Mathematical Statistics. The scholarships are tenable for an initial period of two years and may be extended for a third year. Scholars will be expected to enrol for a Ph.D. degree, and to commence their studies in March, 1958. The present value of a scholarship is £A793 per annum. Married scholars with dependent children may be granted additional allowances, and the University will make a contribution not exceeding £stg.165 towards a scholar's fares to Canberra from the United Kingdom, and the same amount towards his return fare. Application forms and further information may be obtained from the undersigned, or from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1. Applications should be lodged with the undersigned by November 18, 1957.† *A substantial knowledge of the relevant language is a prerequisite.

†It is likely that applications for scholarships commencing in September, 1958, will be invited in March, 1958. R. A. Hohnen, Registrar, Box 4, G.P.O., Canberra, A.C.T.

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